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Miss Helen Purcell,
with kind regards from her old friend
Wm. H. Laker.

New York 1927.

GEORGE AND MARGARET FOX

' Fox rediscovered the Light within for his own time—reconstructed his religious system round it—and has made it a real power in England for 300 years. More than any other man he made the Johannine interpretation of the Gospel into a practical religious system. . . .

To the student of religion Fox's diary is a mine of richest ore. It is so fundamentally personal, so close to the facts of life and the laws of the development of the spirit that it may be reckoned among the priceless first hand documents of religion. What religion needs most is to get from the doctrinal to the experimental basis, and to enlarge as widely as possible the area and variety of experience. Fox was able to say:—" Thus when God doth work, who shall hinder it? And this I knew experimentally." That is what makes his diary modern literature in 1924.'

The Times, July 8, 1924.



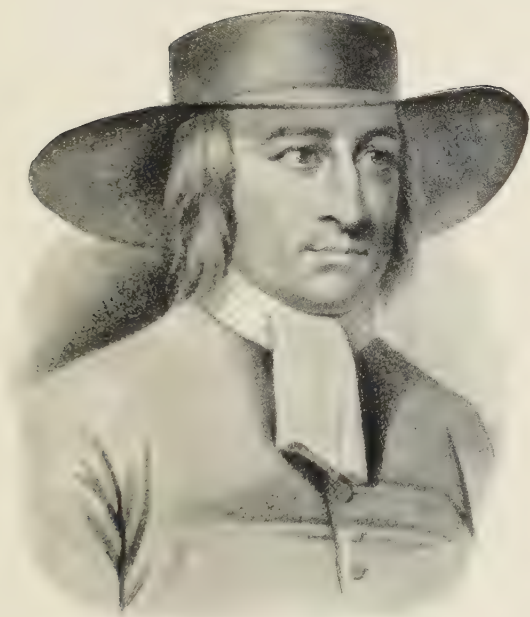
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George Fox and Margaret Fell in Swarthmoor Hall

SS.FOX.



George Fox

GEORGE AND MARGARET FOX

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NOTE

THIS book is not history, although it deals, and it is believed truthfully, with one of England's great historic characters. The poetry of life was the utterance by which of old worship was chiefly expressed ; when there was little poetry worship waned, or was abandoned for some crude form of idolatry. If the life of George Fox—wherein revelation rightly takes its supreme place—had been without its inspirational and poetical side, or he without the keen sense of humour, which helped him and gave him remarkable readiness on many occasions, his character would have wanted that fulness and richness of human feeling which distinguished it from first to last ; and it would have been without the profundity and stability of the worshipping spirit, that ever lifted him above the level of the mechanical reformer or mere disciplinarian, and made him beloved by all who were prepared to recognise true worth, even when presented in a new and an unfashionable form.

Notwithstanding this, the story of his life does not readily lend itself to poetical treatment. If it had been an easy field for the play of poetical expression, doubtless many earlier and more able pens had made use of its material in such manner. This slight work—the form of which has been adopted that by means of speech it might more truly express personality—has made no attempt to reproduce the quaint expressions of the times or the scenes described ; but rather to give a true portrayal of the spirit of each message and of the enunciated truths, as these have presented themselves to the writer. Although in some measure following chronologically the unique life Fox's Journal reveals, it does no more than describe, as faithfully as may be within a limited compass, outstanding features of this life, and of some of the other saintly lives referred to in his Journal, the source of so much vivid and accurate historical information concerning one of the great formative periods of the development and spiritual growth of our land.

FOREWORD

[THE following letter, referring to the manuscript of this work, was written spontaneously and with no thought of publication, by one largely self-taught but well informed, a brass finisher by occupation whose labours for the good of his fellow men have been increasingly valued as he has become known. It has seemed to be a fitting introduction to the presentation of the character of George Fox given herein, and it is now so used with the consent of its writer.]

I have read through with much interest your manuscript that I brought away with me. I believe that its publication will render a real service in spreading a knowledge of the essential features of the career and character of one of the most worthy, and yet, to the general public, least known of the notables of the 17th Century. He is the most level headed mystic next to Paul himself that has come within my ken. In my own small way I can keep company with that eager young seeker after truth, who would be satisfied with no lesser a conception of God and His Christ than one that would take possession of his whole being, which would appeal with equal force to his intellect and his emotions. George Fox did far more than we have ever given him credit for by his re-discovery of the importance of the great spiritual truth contained in the prologue to St. John's Gospel, that 'The Christ' was no mere afterthought of God to salvage what He could from the ruins of a divine experiment which had failed through the weakness of the creatures whom He had created, and into whose care He had committed it; but was a thought in the Divine Mind from before the beginning of creation. He became flesh (in the fulness of time) in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, tabernacled among men for a little while, by His life, His teaching, His death, His resurrection, and His unseen but ever abiding presence in the hearts of men and women, He is slowly but surely bringing to fruition the Father's will in relation to human life.

I have more than once caught myself wondering, since you directed my attention to George Fox, what sort of book we would have had if instead of, like Paul, 'wasting' his time while in prison writing letters of consolation, exhortation, and expostulation to this or that group or individual, he had, like 'the inspired tinker' of Bedford, written 'A Pilgrim's Progress.' Instead of that he was content to become a pilgrim himself carrying his message of hope and peace up and down a land from which the spiritual life had been almost quenched, as a result of the internecine war between sects and classes. I do not mean that we should denounce Cavalier or Roundhead, Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian or Independent as scoundrels, but with Burns we must agree that while

' The real, harden'd, wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restrick'd :
But, och ! mankind are unco weak,
And little to be trusted ;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted ! '

Although in George Fox's day the worst results of the selfish struggle for mastery had not yet reduced the mass of the rural population of England to the state of serfdom, depicted by George Crabbe a century later, even then they were for the most part, 'sheep without a shepherd.' The sturdy yeoman class to which many of the early Quaker recruits belonged was not then under the heel of the Squirarchy as the farmer who took his place became, and still largely is. The poverty from which they were suffering was not so much material as intellectual and spiritual. George Fox, like his contemporary, John Milton, who denounced priestcraft as vigorously in poetry as the former did in prose, and who like him refused to be side-tracked by any change in spelling, declaring that 'new presbyter' is but old 'priest writ large,' saw this. We have to keep these facts in mind if we would understand the significance of Fox's onslaughts on 'priests and steeple houses.' I do not know whether you meditate putting in a note, explaining that George Fox, in declaring that a college course in itself was no proof of a Divine call to the ministry, was in no way decrying the value of education. I think such a note would be helpful, for all your readers may not be so familiar

as you and I with the record of the Society of Friends in regard to the promotion of opportunities for intellectual development. I remember once when I was working up in Swaledale in Yorkshire, asking a boy where he went to school. His reply was 'I go to Quacker School, over yonder' pointing to a building surrounded by trees away over on the opposite side of the dale. This was one of the first hints I had that the Society of Friends had been among the pioneers in elementary education. It was soon after that that I got to know of the Adult School and was brought into direct contact with Friends. One of the first Quakers I met being Dr. Claude Taylor, late Medical Officer for Hampstead. Since then my circle of Quaker friends has been constantly growing till to-day I feel I do know a little of what your Society stands for in the social life of England. The eleventh chapter of your manuscript, which at first glance I thought was a part of your 'Penn' which had slipped in by mistake, sent my thoughts away along another vista, which has attracted me oftentimes. This is the part your folk have played in the wider arena occupied by the people of Britain since they overflowed from their island home to people the North American continent. Apart altogether from the founding of Pennsylvania, I constantly come across in my reading that this or that man or woman 'came of Quaker stock.' I wish I could make plain to you the effect that this has on me. Somehow it impresses me with a feeling that God, if we had only eyes to see Him, is actively at work shaping the destinies of the nations. That He does not allow things to happen as fortuitously as we sometimes imagine; that without deliberately interfering to prevent man from blundering, He nevertheless, in a way that seems so natural that we often fail to notice it, provides guideposts and what old George MacDonald calls 'sheepdogs, to head us off steep places leading to destruction.' The way in which down through the centuries one comes across instances in which a group of people, it may be like the Franciscan Friars in the Middle-ages, the Society of Friends in the seventeenth, or the Wesleyan Methodists in the eighteenth centuries, or my ain folk, penned up in the inclement knuckle end of Britain till their backbone had been rendered stiff enough to bear the strain of the task which He had appointed for them in furthering His own purpose, leads one to the inevitable conclusion

that though we, only able to see through a glass darkly, cannot explain the process even to ourselves, God is Himself the great Revealer and an ever present help in time of need. This brings me at long last back to the thought you bring out in the conversations between the Foxs and the Penns before George goes away with the premonition of another spell of imprisonment awaiting him. It is this. What a number of mistakes and blunders we could avoid if we were only willing to wait until God has made His opening clear to us. The language may be strange to other than Quaker minds, but, however we may phrase it, that thought enshrines a great big truth.

Now, you see what you have inflicted on yourself by giving me your manuscript to read. I may not have given you much in the way of helpful criticism, but I repeat that I believe that your book when published will put within the reach of many, in and out of the Society of Friends who have not the patience or perseverance to wade through 'The Journal,' the essential contribution which George Fox made to the spiritual inheritance of humanity.

Your account of the passing of George Fox reminded me so strongly of that of the Venerable Bede, in A.D. 735 as told on page 40 of Macmillan's 1909 edition of Green's 'Short History,' that I turned it up.

'The dawn broke on another sleepless night, and again the old man called his scholars round him and bade them write. "There is still a chapter wanting" said the scribe as the morning drew on, "and it is hard for thee to question thyself any longer." "It is easily done, take thy pen and write quickly." Amid tears and farewells the day wore away to eventide. "There is yet one sentence unwritten" said the boy. "Write it quickly" bade the dying man. "It is finished now" said the little scribe at last. "You speak truth" said the master, "all is finished now." Placed upon the pavement with head supported in his scholar's arms, his face turned to the spot where he was wont to pray, Bede chanted the solemn "Glory to God." As his voice reached the close of his song, he passed quietly away.'

The writing referred to in this extract is Bede's translation into Anglo Saxon of the Gospel of St. John. Very similar, always remembering the difference of environment, is the

account given of the departure of Francis of Assisi. Both Bede and Francis were good Quakers.

Considering your material you have managed admirably to portray the felicity which wedded love brought into the otherwise strenuous life of your hero. One would find it difficult to make an idyll of the courtship of a man of 45, already old in suffering, and a widow 10 years his senior. Yet Margaret must have been a veritable Mother in Israel to those persecuted people; and it is well that Swarthmoor and she find an honoured niche in the archives of Quakerism.

In your note on the American persecution of the Quakers, why not refer your readers to Whittier's poem, which gives a graphic treatment of Endicott's harsh treatment of New England 'Friends'? The lesson of toleration has been a hard one to learn. Even yet we haven't mastered it. The trouble seems to be that in avoiding the rocks of intolerance we are so apt to drift on to the shoals of indifference.

The best teaching I can recall on that point came from Canon Raven. His advice was in accordance with the best Quaker practice. It was that while following what we were convinced in our own minds was the leading of the Holy Spirit, we were to check our experiences in fellowship with those of our comrades, lest we might be mistaking our own imaginings for the Spirit's leading.

Yours Aye

WILLIAM STRANG.

The term 'priest' is used herein, as it was used by George Fox and his Friends, not to indicate the clergy or ministers of any particular religious community, but referring to all those in receipt of payment for preaching ; a practice not followed by Friends during their earlier periods. In order, however, that none should be prevented fulfilling their calls to minister for want of funds, from the beginning of the Society provision was made to meet these needs where such became necessary.

All ministerial and other service generally being voluntary and unpaid, the generations succeeding that of George Fox made more drastic and narrow limitations than had earlier prevailed, with results to the hurt of the spread of truth.

In practical operation the extent of the ministry was thereby diminished, and suffered loss, although in measure they were following and witnessing to apostolic and early church practice.

In more recent times a larger interpretation of the command, 'freely ye have received, freely give,' has shown the obligation to see that the spread of the good news of the Gospel be not hindered for lack of support, but that, by all means, it is to be spread abroad throughout the world.

The *Journal of George Fox*, from which the quotations made herein are generally taken, is the eighth (bi-centenary) edition of 1891 of the *Journal* as prepared by Thomas Ellwood and others, and first published in 1694, a few years after George Fox's death.

GEORGE AND MARGARET FOX

I

GEORGE FOX was awakened in mind and spirit to the vast realities of life that are ever at hand for our comprehension, but of which it may be said, as noted by the most spiritually penetrating writer of the Gospel of old concerning the Light of Life, the multitude comprehended not.

The process of this awakening, although gradual, was an unusual one. It began in his father's home, but was carried on as he passed from place to place in his early journeyings, when he turned in deepest disappointment, almost amounting to despondency and despair, from intercourse and communion with men. In professors of religion, to whom he turned in his troubles of spirit, his quick and sensitive nature and penetrating searching eye saw so much that was empty, vain, mere convention, or an exterior habit of life, unsupported by the deep upwellings of truth, that in sorrow and grief as well as disappointment he turned from them, and betook himself to solitary places in his search for soul peace and that which could answer and satisfy the call and cry of the inward spiritual thirst that was upon him.

Who can enter into the solitude of the country or the forest, and wait in meditation there, without being sensible of an inspeaking influence that seems to emanate therefrom, and yet which has a more imperative message than they alone can give?

This young spiritual pioneer, George Fox, who was to become the re-interpreter of many of the deepest religious soul hungerings and needs of the human spirit, was both a lover of nature and a revealer of many of its secret messages and lessons for our race.

He was born, as he wrote in his remarkable and priceless Journal, in the month of July 1624, at Drayton-in-the-Clay, now Fenny Drayton, in Leicestershire. In his childhood and youth there were indications of his having characteristics unusual in one so young, and that he was possessed of a spirit which would seek and be found in the ways of rectitude. Of this period he says: 'The Lord taught me to be faithful in all

things, and to act faithfully two ways, viz., inwardly to God, and outwardly to man.' Thus from the very first he became in measure the exemplification of the divine purpose concerning everyone, that all should grow up in the truth and inward life of God's giving ; and should instinctively and of choice refuse the false teaching, too commonly prevalent, which looks for and lightly excuses sowing of wild oats, godlessness, and impurity in youth ; the hatefulness and viciousness of the harvest of which follows all too soon, to the hurt of the sower and of the world.

This brief portrayal of impressions made upon the writer, on his first perusal of Fox's Journal forty-three years ago when crossing the Atlantic in company with the late Alfred Wright, and recently brought vividly back by memories thereof, makes no attempt to give more than the barest outline or suggestions of the abiding worth to the world and the intrinsic greatness of the lives of George and Margaret Fox.

SCENE

In the home of Weaver Christopher Fox, who is known in the neighbourhood as ' Righteous Christer.' A room with low ceiling and homely, simple but stout furniture, an ancient clock standing against the wall, well-kept pewter on the dresser ; by the substantial oak table a tall and rather angular youth is poring diligently over a book. Not far from his stool, in a chair of local craftsmanship, is seated a woman of quite unusual and striking countenance, with deep-set but luminous eyes, well-defined symmetrical nose, and restful finely moulded mouth, and lips indicative of both tenderness and strength.

From the adjoining room is heard the sound, and swinging backward and forward of the heavy wooden frame of the hand-weaving loom, in which the alternating cords are securing in place the stout yarn that the shuttle carries to and fro from the hand of Christopher Fox. Soon the sound of the loom ceases, and the weaver, descending from his raised seat before it, enters the comfortable living room where the others are seated. The youth lifts his head, with the absorbed look of one who has been so keenly interested as to be almost oblivious of his surroundings ; but, with the instinctive sensitiveness of reverence and kindness, rises and places his father's chair before the fire, while his mother slightly adjusts her own making place for it.

MARY LAGO FOX

Come near the fire, dear husband, and take rest
After your strenuous day of constant toil,
Irksome by its very repetition,

Exhausting, unless the heart be in it
 And makes the time pass swiftly, and gives joy
 Of work accomplished and the inward peace,
 That oft seems heaven's recompense and rest,
 Which, by that well completed, fits for more,
 As love forever lessens all life's toil.

CHRISTOPHER

How wise you are Mary, and true your words :
 Surely they are toilers without reward
 Who shirk life's common tasks, seek to evade
 Their own allotted portion of life's work,
 For be they rich or poor it matters not ;
 And loss is theirs beyond computation
 Who strange at honest toil, that ever pays
 Its own sufficient and glad recompense
 In joy of service and of tasks performed.
 The cloth I wove to-day till threadbare worn
 Will warmth and lasting satisfaction give,
 And I need fear no wearer will complain,
 Or, if complaining, have just cause for same.
 How has it fared with you to-day, my son ?
 Were you at the market with your cattle ?
 And how high have the prices for them stood ?
 None too fair, I doubt, by the common talk.

GEORGE

Father I held my own, as I had planned ;
 The two-year-olds were all well-conditioned,
 And the others better still, value's worth
 For prices put upon them, and their sale
 Assured, for honest buyers there were found.
 Already they have learned to pay my price
 Or go their ways, since they have found full well
 They no vantage gain, haggling, crying down,
 Or throwing questioning doubt upon my word,
 As they strove to do at first, gaining naught ;
 For I left them to themselves till they learned
 My verily was true, and altered not
 Even a tittle for their bartering ways.
 Why they waste their breath, also other's time,

I marvel, since no gain there is at last ;
 Or, if a bargain chance tis lost again,
 For such practises as these are soon known
 And prices made to habit of their mind,
 Untruth meeting thus untruth, greed making greed.

MARY

Have you marked the sunset ? how it went down
 In flaming glory, flushing all the sky
 With mingling colours, pale green, red and gold
 Until all seemed too glorious for our world ;
 And ever thoughts uplifted, heavenward turned,
 Seemed to be filled with new found holy joy
 That to our common life so much is given
 To fragrance it with sweetness sent from heaven.
 Too apt we are to dwell within the shade,
 All too often that of our own making
 Where we only dimly see, and trouble find.
 As if one in a hill-encircled spot
 Rising in solitude, darkness of night,
 Saw in the heath-clad hills increase of size,
 Mountains of gloom loom up in the half light,
 Fearful and forbidding ; e'en as the soul
 Shut up within the gloom, world darkness sees,
 Or, given to introspection, troubled is
 Through thickness of the inward atmosphere
 That veils the light and sunshine of true life,
 Albeit at times we may therein be led
 In truth to know extent of human need.

GEORGE

Dear mother, apt indeed your words and thoughts,
 That lift us upward from our meaner selves
 To glory of the heavens o'er our world ;
 And oft the need is on me that you tell,
 Yet wherefore I see not, nor comprehend.
 All solitude seems vocal when alone,
 And listening utterly, then comes near
 An inward call, nor words nor thoughts can name,
 E'er changing yet e'er constantly the same,
 As ceaseless sound of running waters heard

Message has, voice its own, inspeaking, full
Of thrilling ecstasies, unutterableness,
As of our own soul's being, deep within,
Awakening, quickening, resting influence,
Each in turn felt, vibrating, tension held
Through every nerve and brainfold ; deeper still
Throbbings of life and death within the soul.

CHRISTOPHER

Lose not, my son, in strivings for new light
That which has been sense of security
The faith our fathers knew ; though some profess
Beyond all their possessing, therein fail
To be consistent with themselves or faith they hold,
Dishonouring both, and many lead astray.

GEORGE

I know it, father, know it to my cost
Since oft priest Stephens from the pulpit tells
What I in private told him, and in vain
Declares that which he cannot penetrate,
More empty of true life than babbling brook,
Void both of understanding and of love.
If for myself concerned, small matter then
Compared with that I feel upon me borne,
A burden laid for other souls as well
That sit in sin and shallows, when the stream
Of life's sweet healing waters, that John saw,
Is there for cleansing ; life for the new born,
Not for flesh indulgence or lust of pride,
The self-sufficient know : nor tendered these ;
Nor contrite ; yield to no will, save their own.

CHRISTOPHER

George read again the Scripture that I saw
You poring over as I came from work ;
Was it that which oft brings upon your mind
This burden, seldom seen in one your age ?
It lays weight upon you the aged shirk,
Or, noting, speak of lightly, froth and chaff,

Unless given most to argue, and condemn
 All other ways of thinking save their own,
 And to these e'er demand conformity.

GEORGE

Father, I read the gospel that I love :

[He reads aloud the first fourteen verses of the first chapter
 of the Gospel by John]

This strikes its roots at the beginning Word,
 Which, in Greek language, as the scholars say,
 Is spelled almost as mother's maiden name,
 Logos, full of meaning, pregnant mystery
 That answers to the cry within my soul
 As naught else does, save yours and mother's love.
 These I feel intensely, although I seem
 At times perchance as if I heeded not,
 So full has life become of that I comprehend
 As yet but little, call to seek and find
 The true and only way of life my soul
 Can rest in since I saw it shown in John.
 He young, oft silent, Son of Thunder known,
 As each occasion rose e'er near his Lord ;
 And yet forever fuller better known
 In his sweet letters and, as age came on,
 When he at Ephesus or Patmos found abode.
 How far apart such life from that we see—
 I speak with reverence father—save in you.
 How old age often turns to ribaldry,
 And, wanton toward each other, children hurt
 As I was hurt, though you and mother
 By word and by example kept me pure.
 I ever bless you for that loving care,
 And would myself make ready for life's call.
 But father you are hungry, and with words
 Too long have now been fed, and mother's food
 Is ready on the table while we wait.

INTERLUDE

A prophet had arisen, and gone forth
In strength of youth and in the strength of God.
Emerging first from customs, contacts found
To his and others' hurt, threatening loss
Of purity and truth in mind and soul,
He left those he loved most, his father's house ;
A wanderer he became, as one urged forth
From place to place in search of verity,
Answers to life problems, temptation's source,
Why troubles to men came, ground of despair.
Alone in Barnet Chase, midst London throng ;
At home to marry urged, but felt not this,
Since, but a lad, he must seek wisdom first ;
Abroad again he went, sought noted men,
Professors, priests, alike he found all vain,
Nor able to give answers to his quest.
Then even as he walked great openings came
That stood in opposition to all these.

Tried by the fiercest conflict till his frame
Lost all youth's vigour, and e'en blank despair
Had well-nigh conquered, lo there came a voice,
The voice of God spake to him, and the Christ
Was to him shown answering all his need.

Awakening came, new birth, upleap of the soul,
That wholly turns from self and help of men ;
With eye of faith sees only Christ of God,
The Father's nature knows, Compassion, Love,
And in His Christ all holy ways of life.

Thus had new power come that was of God,
Nor bound within the rites and common forms,
Conventions and conceptions that had held
Men's minds in bondage and darkness' thrall,
Unheeding light within, Christ's living Word,
Men's authority seeking more than God's,
Excusing practise of deception's ways,
While holding unction to the hungry soul
Of self indulgence, hardness, common sin,
Oft cloaked and covered by their man-made creeds.

Thus the new prophet came, a stripling youth,
 Clad in his leathern suit, e'er clean, and true
 To light of wondrous penetrating eye,
 The countenance of calmness' majesty,
 Now fashioned to high purpose, dominance
 In moral goodness, restful mouth, and set
 To calm and kindly utterances when moved,
 Or wise and solemn judgments against wrong,
 Given to a sweet and tender spirit's will.

His more than call unto a chosen band—
 Though these he gathered, welded into one :
 These gave devoted love, and each to all,
 Until of all dissenting folds they were
 In numbers greatest in this Island realm.

Yea, as of old it was, is still to-day,
 The call of One who first had chosen twelve,
 The call this youthful prophet had, has still,
 Is call unto all people, a wide world,
 That never needed more his message, life,
 Than now to shake foundations, errors held,
 And blinding bias, shrouding minds of men,
 To heaven's high purpose, and man's destiny,
 The gathering unto God of all the race.

What kept men's minds from seeing truth of Fox ?
 That he a prophet was, and sent of God ?
 Why did they persecute, imprison him ?
 Why did professors rage and fierce priests rave ?
 For selfsame cause as others e'en the Christ
 Did beat, and crown with thorns, and crucify.
 Yet He to-day the only One who reigns
 In men, supreme and universal King.

And this young prophet greater is to-day
 Than when men flocked to hear his spoken Word
 From graveyard, haystack, hillside, prisons foul,
 For now the truth has spread to other folds,
 And men have risen, more, are rising still

Demanding right of way, that it have place
In peoples, governments, yea, churches e'en,
That oft in wars have been their specious bulwarks,
Holding first in crises to human fear ;
Paralyse thereafter their power for good,
Become contempt of earnest, direct souls,
Who see them redoubts 'gainst world brotherhood.
These must be shamed of double-dealing ways,
Embrace first Christian faith, fighting refuse,
With courage follow Christ, and know His peace.
Yea, Mary Lago, of the martyrs' stock,
Was it for nought that in George Fox's veins
There ran the blood of heroes burned for truth ?
That he was chosen of God to shake the world ?

If but to glorify a Quaker band
Scarce were it worth even to pen these lines,
Or now give heed unto the inward urge :
Yet these were well repaid if but one soul
Hereby be fired to herald coming dawn
O'er desolated and war-poisoned world,
To rouse it from its torpor, ere its blood
By hate poison, self-will greed, cease to flow,
Save in men's madness following God dethroned.

O Fox, forever still cries out the need
That long ago consumed your youthful frame
With its insistent and imperious call :
Turn ye now from all mean men sophistries,
Turn from seductive wicked fallacies,
Turn from false opinions, new or old,
Seek only, follow now, the living God.

II

NINE years succeeded, memorable in the history of our land in the changes resulting from the great political upheaval and purging that took place under the Puritan regime of the Commonwealth. If the rule of Cromwell and his followers operated in the development of much robustness that had been latent, if it put out forever much of superstition, supineness, and the claims and rights of classes that have never wholly returned, and the gain of which may be more than sufficient compensation for losses of architectural and art treasures that were sacrificed, it nevertheless remains clearly demonstrated that 'force is no remedy,' and that even the broad and tolerant mind of a Cromwell is not sufficient to meet the evils that arise when the reign of considered, and accepted law and rule, by consent and agreement of the people, is overthrown. It was manifest then, and the lesson is one that may well be borne in mind to-day, that the very spirit and genius of our people, implanted at the first and ingrained ever since, is a spirit which recognises law, and instinctively makes them its upholders and preservers as well as its subjects.

British freedom and liberty, with a unique place in world history, and a fountain from which has flowed so much to other lands, while in measure it was indebted to the rich inheritance from Roman days and Roman law of a robustness and sturdiness it has never lost, is yet the product of a checkered, slow, but steady growth and development: and the Journal of George Fox is a treasure house for the student who would get vivid, real, and one might almost add, humorous (were they not often so tragic and terrible) glimpses of the earlier operation of law in our midst.

That it made its broad honest appeal to most magistrates, when they were not made the tools of intriguing religious dignitaries or were not at the mercy of their managing clerks, is manifested in many of its pages. These are full of concise and truthful narratives and incidents, the disclosure of which, and the sufferings and hardships with which they were fraught, give some indication of the imperishable value of the victories Fox and his co-religionists won, and of the debt that the world owes to their self-sacrifice, devotion, and faith, in an age of bigotry and semi-darkness, in which their light

clearly and triumphantly shone forth in the power and love of Christ.

The discharge of that debt will be accomplished only when the nations of the earth are willing, with something of the same spirit of self surrender, to dedicate their energies, not to the acquisitions of the spirit of selfishness, ever ready to assert itself in specious forms and under plausible pretexts, but to the rational, truth-approved, and divinely appointed, claims of true brotherhood, not only within the confines of national life, but abroad amidst and with all nations of the human race.

SCENE

The home of Priest Nathaniel Stephens whither another priest had come at his invitation to meet the youthful George Fox. The two are seated at the fireside. Fox had just entered the room.

NATHANIEL STEPHENS

Welcome George, come and join us at the fire.
This is my friend whom I wished to meet you,
I have told him of the openings you have,
And he has been interested in them.
How have you been since I called to see you ?

GEORGE FOX

I have been in great sorrows and troubles,
I have spent many nights walking alone
Seeking to understand the cause of these.
And while within the solitude I passed
The very stars seemed to be given a speech,
Or rather whispered softly to my soul,
Until into deep silence I was brought
And knew the quickening of a strange new life :
But with the new day's dawn my questions came
Still more insistent and still full of pain.

PRIEST VISITOR

Does it not show you near to dangerous ground ?
And haply it were better to forbear
To pry too far into life mysteries ;
And be content to find in common paths
The answers to the questions that you urge.

GEORGE FOX

Oft I have said as much, and sought relief ;
But this no answer brings, nor inward peace.

NATHANIEL STEPHENS

George, there is a question that I would ask,
Why was it Christ cried out upon the cross
' My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ? '
And another, too, is why did He say
' If it be possible let this cup pass from Me,'
And then, ' yet not My will, but Thine be done ' ?

GEORGE FOX

When He spake thus the sins of all mankind
Were upon Him, and their iniquities
And transgressions with which He was wounded,
Which He was to bear, and be an offering
For them as He was man, but He died not
As He was God ; and so in that He died
For all men and tasted death for every man
He was an offering for the sins of the whole world.

NATHANIEL STEPHENS

It is a very good, a full answer,
And such a one as I have not heard.

GEORGE FOX

In sufferings and troubles there has come
In measure a sense of Christ's sufferings
A being made sensible what He went through.

PRIEST VISITOR

Brother Stephens says you do not observe
Christmas, Saints' and the other holy days.

GEORGE FOX

Are days made holy by feasting and revelry ?
Are not all days to be kept holy now ?
Since Christ came not to set up days and rites,

But to bring life and immortality :
And love that seeketh and finds out the poor
In some of whom He said He might be found.

NATHANIEL STEPHENS

You have some strange ' Openings,' so called, friend George,
And I should venture the thought without doubt,
You would make a good priest if you were taught.

GEORGE FOX

As I was walking in the fields one day
It was opened and clearly shown to me
That being bred at Oxford or Cambridge
Is not enough to fit and qualify
Men thereby to be ministers of Christ :
And I stranged at it, because 'tis common belief.
But I saw it clearly as the Lord opened
It to me, and was therein satisfied,
And I admired the goodness of the Lord.

PRIEST VISITOR

Since you deny its priests and sacred rites,
Next e'en the church itself you will deny.

GEORGE FOX

Nay, the church itself I would not deny.
But what is the church ? Is it brick or stone ?
Or is it the temple of the living God ?
Both Paul and Stephen saw and witness bore
God did not dwell in temples made with hands,
Not e'en in that He commanded to be built,
Since to it He put an end ; but His people
They are His temple, and He dwells in them.
This came and opened in me as I walked
In the fields alone to my relation's house.
When I came there, they told me that they had
Nathaniel Stephens there, and he told them
He was afraid of me, going after new lights.

NATHANIEL STEPHENS

It is indeed so—I am—I am afraid,
 George, that with your openings you will go astray.
 Why are you not content with what is known
 And proved by those who long experience have ?

GEORGE FOX

For long I have been seeking help of such :
 An ancient priest, to whom I showed my state,
 Seemed not to comprehend, could but advise
 That I should take tobacco and sing psalms.
 Tobacco was a thing I did not love,
 And psalms I was not in a state to sing.
 He bade me come again, he would tell many things.
 When I came he was angry and pettish.
 He had told my troubles, sorrows and griefs
 To his servants, it got to the milk-lasses,
 Which grieved me I had opened my mind to him.
 Another priest, accounted an experienced man,
 I also sought, and walked seven miles to see ;
 I found him but like an empty hollow cask.
 One more, a prebendary in high account,
 Would needs give me some physic and let blood.
 They tried, but got no drop of blood from me,
 From arms or head, I was dried up with sorrows,
 Grief and troubles were so great upon me.
 Thus I saw they were all miserable comforters,
 And this brought my troubles more upon me.

NATHANIEL STEPHENS

True, true, they may not have understood you :
 I have known you for years, can I not help ?

GEORGE FOX

I have often come here and you to me,
 I have heard that you have applauded me
 And spoken highly of me to others :
 I would not be unkind or selfish seem
 But when I have heard what I had discoursed
 To you in private on week days, by you
 Preached of on First-days I did not like it.

PRIEST VISITOR

You might have thought it complimented you,
And kindness in friend Stephens shown to you.

GEORGE FOX

I wish to be thought no more than I am,
And I have been shown I must come off all
Compliments and forms that are not in truth,
That would lift me or any others up
In pride or self esteem or vanity.

NATHANIEL STEPHENS

George you are getting quite beside yourself,
You would have a new world all your own making.

GEORGE FOX

Nay, verily it is nay, I am nothing.
When I found not help in priests whom I sought,
Nor in separate preachers, nor those called experienced people,
When all my hopes in them and in all men
Were gone, so that I had nothing outwardly
To help me, nor could I tell what to do ;
Then, Oh ! then I heard a voice which said,
' There is One, even Christ Jesus, that can
Speak to thy condition ' : and when I heard it
My heart did leap for joy. Then did the Lord
Let me see why there was none upon earth
That could speak to my condition, namely,
That I might give Him only all the glory.

NATHANIEL STEPHENS

George, George, we can make no headway with you ;
Wherever or whatever your new lights lead to
They do not seem to lead you out of troubles.

GEORGE FOX

Though my exercises and troubles were great,
Yet not so continued but I had intermissions,

And was sometimes brought into heavenly joy.
 As I cannot declare the misery,
 It was so great and heavy upon me,
 Neither can I tell the mercies of God ;
 When my troubles and torments were greatest
 Then was the love of God exceeding great.
 And then I saw what was cast out from God
 And saw what entered into God's kingdom :
 How by Jesus, the Opener of the door
 The entrance was given ; and then I saw death
 And saw how it had passed upon all men
 And had oppressed the seed of God in man,
 In me, and how I in the seed came forth.
 And there seemed to be two pleading in me ;
 I was in great perplexity many days ;
 Yet I gave up myself to the Lord still.

PRIEST VISITOR

Is not your persistence beyond reason ?
 And going beyond the line of judgment ?

GEORGE FOX

One day when I had been walking abroad
 I was taken up in the love of God
 So that I could not but admire its greatness.
 While I was in that condition it was
 Opened to me by the eternal light
 And I saw clearly therein all was done,
 And therein to be done, in and by Christ ;
 And how He conquers and destroys this tempter,
 The Devil, and his works, and is atop of him ;
 And that all these troubles were good for me,
 And temptations for trial of my faith,
 The faith which Christ had given unto me.
 Then there did a pure fire appear in me :
 I saw how He sate as a refiner's fire ;
 Spiritual discerning came into me,
 By which my thoughts, groans and sighs I did discern ;
 And then what it was that did veil in me,
 Also what it was that did open me.

That which could not abide in the patience
Nor endure the fire, in the light I found
To be the groans of the flesh that could not
Give up to the will of God, and in trials
Could not give up self to die by the Cross,
That the living and quickened might follow Him ;
And that that which would cloud and veil from Christ—
That which the sword of the Spirit cuts down,
And which must die—might not be kept alive.

NATHANIEL STEPHENS

George what a maze your openings lead into ;
At the end you will not know where you started.

GEORGE FOX

I have indeed kept you long and must go,
In the truth I began ; there I must end.

[He rose and left the room]

III

THE years which followed the early call of this young prophet and pioneer, were years of preparation, of testing and of enlargement for the unique career that was lying before him. As remarkable as the severe temptations through which he passed, were his deliverances therefrom, and his emergence into a state wherein he knew the penetrating clearness of the divine light revealed within, and knew his call to turn men from forms and words to the inward Light, Spirit and Grace of Jesus Christ, shown by the Divine Spirit which does not deceive.

Of these times of preparation George Fox wrote :—

‘ Now though I had great openings, yet great trouble and temptation came many times upon me, so that when it was day I wished for night, and when it was night I wished for day : and by reason of the openings I had in my troubles, I could say as David said, “ Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.” When I had openings, they answered one another and answered the Scripture ; for I had great openings of the Scriptures : and when I was in troubles, one trouble also answered to another. . . . I fasted much, and walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my Bible, and went and sate in hollow trees and lonesome places till night came on ; and frequently, in the night, walked mournfully about by myself : for I was a man of sorrows in the times of the first workings of the Lord in me. . . . I could find none to open my condition to but the Lord alone . . . He shewed me that the natures of those things which were hurtful without, were within, in the hearts and minds of wicked men. I cried to the Lord, saying, “ Why should I be thus, seeing I was never addicted to commit those evils ? ” and the Lord answered that it was needful I should have a sense of all conditions, how else should I speak to all conditions, and in this I saw the infinite love of God. I saw also that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but an infinite ocean of light and love which flowed over the ocean of darkness. In that also I saw the infinite love of God ; and I had great openings.’

He began to have great meetings and had many very remarkable experiences : at Mansfield at a great meeting he

' was moved to pray ; and the Lord's power was so great, that the house seemed to be shaken.' Again he ' was moved to go and speak to one of the most wicked men in the country, one who was a drunkard and a noted whore-master. . . . He was so smitten that he had scarcely any strength left in him. So this man was convinced, and turned from his wickedness, and remained an honest, sober man, to the astonishment of people who had known him before.' Of his experiences Fox wrote, ' Volumes might be written, but all would prove too short to set forth the infinite love, wisdom, and power of God, in preparing, fitting, and furnishing me for the service He had appointed me to ; letting me see the depths of Satan on the one hand, and opening to me, on the other hand, the divine mysteries of His own everlasting Kingdom.' George Fox was first imprisoned at Nottingham, but here the head Sheriff and his household were amongst those that the Lord's power wrought upon ; and soon after at Derby it was that, in the year 1650, George Fox and Friends were given the name of ' Quakers ' by Justice Bennet in scorn, because he had been bidden ' tremble at the word of the Lord.'

His imprisonment of nearly a year in Derby—six months in the house of correction and six months in the common jail and dungeon—was largely used by George Fox in sending forth many papers, and to the blessing of individuals, amongst whom was his jailer who was ' reached.' Refusal to accept an appointment as Captain in Cromwell's army, and his testimony against all wars, led to his being ' had away and put into a lousy, stinking place, without any bed, amongst thirty felons.' Strong testimony against capital punishment for small thefts at this time led to his intercession on behalf of ' a young woman in jail for robbing her master of some money.' She was condemned to die, and a grave was made for her ; and at the time appointed she was carried forth to execution. Fox gave a paper ' to be read at the gallows. And though they had her upon the ladder, with a cloth bound over her face, ready to be turned off, yet they did not put her to death, but brought her back again to prison ; and in the prison she afterwards came to be convinced of God's everlasting truth.'

Passing through the Midlands and proceeding northward, of many who were convinced were several who became ministers : Richard Farnsworth and William Dewsbury each

became valiant in gospel service and suffered long imprisonments, and James Naylor and Thomas Goodyear were also convinced. Amongst the many outstanding characteristics and influences of George Fox, one constantly manifested was his power to draw men into loyal and devoted comradeship in the service of truth. His undaunted fearlessness became more than infectious—it remained an abiding power and influence even under the prostrating and adverse effects of long continued persecution, and gave these, his followers, ultimate victory in the same way that he gained it himself.

‘The priest of the church of which James Naylor had been a member,’ writes Fox, ‘raised many wicked slanders about me, as, “that I carried bottles with me, and made people drink of them, which made them follow me.”’

Now he visited Justice Hotham, who welcomed him; as did Justice Robinson when he came into Yorkshire, notable exceptions to the many persecuting Justices.

SCENE

The top of Pendle Hill, whither, in his journeyings through the Midlands and the counties to the north thereof George Fox had been led. He was passing the hill by, when he was moved of the Lord to make the ascent of it. This he did, as he wrote, ‘with much ado, it was so very steep and high.’ When he had reached the summit, a great prospect spread out before him.

GEORGE FOX

It has been opened to me by the way,
As hither through the countryside we passed
Preaching repentance unto the people,
That this was the word the Lord sent to me :—
‘If thou in each place dost set up but one
In the same spirit that the prophets were
And apostles who gave the Scriptures forth,
He or she shall all the country shake
In their profession ten miles about them.’

And it shall be so : afar behold the sea
Bordering along the coast of Lancashire !
There people shall arise unto the Lord,
Southward and northward gathered they shall come,
Great multitudes shall hear truth’s joyful sound,
By them the gospel day be sounded forth.

Nearer at hand, beside the river Lune,
 That parts two counties, people shall arise :
 I see them as in their white raiment clothed.
 They are a seed of God, and to this land
 A mighty power to shake false strongholds down :
 And, as they hold the life and true humility,
 They shall customs change beyond this land,
 Set captives free and bondage fetters break,
 Purge out from men the natures of the brutes,
 That many hold who great professions make,
 As to me has been shown by the Most High.
 For lo I saw, and wondered at the cause,
 That here there should be strongholds of the truth ;
 And valiants for the Lord shall go forth thence.

Strengthened, renewed within by all thus shown
 As we descended soon we found a spring
 Upon the hillside, were therefrom refreshed,
 Having eaten or drunk but little several days.

[George Fox passed thence and came to the home of Miles Bateman at Underbarrow. He had been accompanied thither by several people, amongst them by Edward Burrough, a young man of great natural eloquence and penetration of spirit, whose strong personality could not rest in uncertainties or the superficial character of many of the conventions of the time. He had been educated as a minister of the Episcopal Church, but had left it and joined the Presbyterians, 'with whom he was a preacher of great account.' Coming into contact with George Fox they had 'great reasonings,' and the eager spirit of Edward Burrough found that sufficiency and reality of the truth for which his soul had longed, into which he could throw, without any longer questioning, the whole power and self surrender of his being ; and to which he could commit himself for life or for death—and could do no other.]

EDWARD BURROUGH

O friend, may I speak freely of my need ?
 Your words arrest me and appeal within
 By the truth and urgency of your call,
 And, as never before, I have been moved :

But tell me more of reconciliation
Which is the way of God into soul rest.

GEORGE FOX

Reconciliation with God is found
In the saving knowledge of Christ, the Lord :
And all may come to it, as with whole heart
They seek in the appointed way of truth ;
Without concealment or reserve bring all
Unto the light and power of Christ within,
And let the light and life shine darkness out.
Then there is shown the sinfulness of sin,
And power is given by Him from it to turn.

EDWARD BURROUGH

Is it then so ? It must be so with you,
For from the first I felt the truth was seen
Emitting from your eyes, as by the way
We held our converse ; yet reign of self will,
Ambitions high, and conscious power in life,
All seemed struck low, if not by this destroyed :
Yet this new teaching lives a power in you.
But how may I, with all my life has held,
Desire for good, in depths unsatisfied,
Find truth you teach sufficient to my need ?

GEORGE FOX

Christ is the way, the truth, and He is life ;
No dead Christ far away, who cannot feel
Nor know our need ; He is revealed within,
His light shows what we are, to show Himself
Sufficient to all cravings of the soul
For likeness to Himself, possessed by Him.

EDWARD BURROUGH

This then is it, the Christ in you, in me !
The very Christ, no mere shadowy type ;
Yea, even as Paul wrote ' His Son in me ' !
O wonderful ! no longer I, but Christ.
It is enough, I see it, I must follow
The Light that shines within, where'er it leads.*

* Note 1, page 108.

GEORGE FOX

Yea, verily, and thou shalt victor be,
Shalt wear here and hereafter crown of life ;
If His glory or truth need, the martyr's crown :
And ever in thy soul the heavenly peace,
The blessed joy of Christ's ambassador,
A seeker of the lost, one who shall turn
Many from their evil ways to righteousness.

IV

SCENE

Swarthmoor Hall, the home of Judge Thomas Fell, near the town of Ulverston, Lancashire, visited for the first time by George Fox, and 'whither,' he writes, 'came up one Lampitt, a priest, who was a high notionist and a Ranter in his mind. With him I had much reasoning ; for he talked of high notions and perfection, and thereby deceived the people. He would have owned me, but I could not own nor join with him, he was so full of filth. He said he was above John ; and made as though he knew all things.'

PRIEST LAMPITT

Have you come hither with new light George Fox ?
Or is it what you have heard from others ?
Many speak of you, but I have not heard
Whether you hold perfection in life here,
Or refuse it, for new ways of your own ?
I shall not refuse to help you, please God ;
I see beyond John, who wrote of the Light,
But was not held first of the apostles :
I have seen beyond him in many things.

GEORGE FOX

Great professions are not great possessing ;
Know that from Adam to Moses death reigned,
And I perceive that thou art under death,
Nor Moses know, who saw God's paradise,
Neither the prophets knowest thou, nor John ;
Speaking great words, professing high notions,
A crooked and rough nature is in thee,
And the mountain of sin and corruption ;
Nor the way in thee prepared for the Lord.

PRIEST LAMPITT

I confess that I have erred, deceived men,
Have been under a weight and cross in things :
But now I sing psalms, can do anything.

GEORGE FOX

Yea verily thou couldst now see a thief
And couldst join hand in hand with him ;

But thou canst neither preach Moses, nor prophets,
Nor John, nor Christ, nor His truth and His life,
Without thou hast the spirit they were in.

[Evening of the same day at Swarthmoor Hall. Margaret Fell, who had been absent during the day, heard from the members of her family of the disagreement of George Fox and William Lampitt, vicar of Ulverston, and was troubled ; as she was in profession with him, but was unaware of his actions. Much reasoning occupied the evening, George Fox opening the truth to her and her family.

Next day Lampitt coming again to Swarthmoor Hall, Fox 'had much discourse with him before Margaret Fell, who then clearly discerned the priest. A convincement of the Lord's truth came upon her and her family.' 'Soon after,' writes Fox, 'a day was to be observed for a humiliation, and Margaret Fell asked me to go with her to the steeple-house at Ulverston, for she was not wholly come off from them ; I replied, "I must do as I am ordered by the Lord." So I left her, and walked into the fields ; and the word of the Lord came to me, saying, "Go to the steeple-house after them." When I came Lampitt was singing with his people ; but his spirit was so foul, and the matter they sung so unsuitable to their states, that after they had done singing I was moved of the Lord to speak to him and to the people.']

GEORGE FOX

The word of God unto you this day is :
He is no Jew that is one outwardly
But he a Jew that is one inwardly
Whose praise is not of men, but of his God.
God is come Himself to teach His people,
By His Spirit He is come to lead them,
To bring them off from all their former ways,
Their religions, churches, and their worships,
For these were talking with other men's words ;
They were out of the life and the spirit
Which they were in who at first gave them forth.

JUSTICE JOHN SAWREY

Constable, have him out, take him away.

MARGARET FOX

Let him alone ; why may he not now speak
As well as any other ?

LAMPITT (in deceit)

Let him speak.

GEORGE FOX

The witness of the truth is in your hearts,
And if ye will let it, ye may see
Its light and life and fruit, that are of God ;
Cast off all secret bondage, get you free
From fear of men ; and the fear of the Lord
Keep you, casting down deceit, envy, pride,
Hypocrisies, and lusts of wickedness.

JUSTICE SAWREY

Ho, Officer, he shall speak no longer,
Have him forth, I charge you, without delay.

[Constable conducts Fox out of the church, into the graveyard. He continues to speak to the people.]

GEORGE FOX

The everlasting day of light and life,
Of the eternal God whose might and power
Is over all, is present here to-day ;
Repent of all your hardness, and of sin ;
Hear the everlasting truth, which will cleanse,
As ye receive it in the love of Christ ;
Be no longer led astray by men's notions
Which set at nought the living power of God.
Turn ye now from all darkness to the light,
Out from the power of Satan unto God,
Come off from all men's superstitious ways,
Turn from teaching and teachers made by men
To Christ, the only true and living way,
And be ye henceforth ever taught of Him.

[George Fox had visited Dalton, Walney, Baycliff and Gleaston when he returned to Swarthmoor. 'After I had

stayed a few days,' he writes, 'and most of the family were convinced, I went again into Westmorland, where priest Lampitt had been amongst the professors on Kendal side, and had mightily incensed them against me, telling them I held many strange things; I met with those he had so incensed, and sate up all night with them at James Dickinson's, and answered all their objections. They were both thoroughly satisfied with the truth that I had declared, and dissatisfied with him and his lies, so that he clearly lost the best of his hearers and followers, who thus came to see his deceit, and forsook him. . . . Soon after Judge Fell being come home, Margaret Fell, his wife, sent to me, desiring me to return thither; and, feeling freedom from the Lord so to do, I went back to Swarthmoor. I found the priests and professors, and that envious Justice Sawrey, had much incensed Judge Fell and Captain Sands against the truth by their lies; but when I came to speak with him, I answered all his objections; and so thoroughly satisfied him by the Scriptures, that he was convinced in his judgment. He asked me if I was the George Fox whom Justice Robinson spake so much in commendation of amongst many of the Parliament men. I told him I had been with Justice Robinson, and with Justice Hotham, in Yorkshire, who were very civil and loving to me, and that they were convinced in their judgment by the Spirit of God, that the principle which I bore testimony to was the truth. . . . After we had discoursed some time together, Judge Fell himself was satisfied also, and came to see, by the openings of the Spirit of God in his heart, . . . he knew it was the truth that I declared, and that Christ was the Teacher of His people, and their Saviour. Judge Fell . . . suffered a meeting to be kept at his house; and a great meeting was settled there in the Lord's power, which has remained above twenty years to this day'—First held in 1652 and continued till 1690 when a meeting-house was built.]

V

SCENE

The Sessions at Lancaster, whither George Fox went with Judge Fell. There appeared against Fox some forty priests, who had chosen one Marshall of their number to be their orator, and had provided one young priest, and two priests' sons, to bear witness against Fox, and who had sworn beforehand that he had spoken blasphemy. When the Justices were sate they heard all that the priests and their witnesses could say and charge against Fox, Marshall sitting by and explaining their sayings for them, but the witnesses were confounded and discovered themselves to be false witnesses; for when the Court had examined one of them upon oath, and then began to examine another, he was at such loss he could not answer directly, but said the other could say it.

A JUSTICE

Witness have you sworn it and given it in
 Already upon your oath and now say
 That he, another, can say it? It seems
 From this you did not hear those words yourself,
 Though you have sworn you heard George Fox speak them.

['There were then in the Court,' wrote George Fox, 'several people who had been at that meeting, wherein the witnesses swore I spake those blasphemous words which the priests accused me of; and these being men of integrity and reputation in the country, declared and affirmed in Court, that the oath which the witnesses had taken against me was altogether false; and that no such words as they had sworn against me were spoken by me at that meeting. Indeed, most of the serious men of that part of the country, that were then at the Sessions, had been at that meeting, and had heard me both at that and other meetings also. This was taken notice of by Colonel William West, who, being a justice of the peace, was then upon the Bench; and having long been weak in body, blessed the Lord, and said the Lord had healed him that day; adding that he never saw so many sober people and good faces together in all his life.']

COLONEL WEST [turning to George Fox]
 George, if now thou hast anything to say
 Unto the people thou mayest say it,
 And freely declare in this case the truth,
 Before the Court in the open Sessions.

‘ I was moved of the Lord to speak,’ wrote George Fox, ‘ and as soon as I began, priest Marshall, the orator of the rest of the priests, went away. That which I was moved to declare was this :—’

GEORGE FOX

The Holy Scriptures of truth were given forth
By the Spirit of God, and all people
Must first e’en come to the Spirit of God
In themselves, by which they may then know God
And Christ, of Whom prophets and apostles learnt,
And by the same Spirit know the Scriptures ;
For as the Spirit of God was in them,
That gave forth the Scriptures, so the same Spirit
Of God must be in all them that receive them,
And understand the Scriptures ; by which Spirit
They may thus have fellowship with the Son
And with the Father and with the Scriptures
And with one another : without this Spirit
They can know neither God, Christ nor Scriptures,
Nor have fellowship one with another.

[Commotion behind George Fox, half a dozen priests standing up and bursting into a passion.]

JOHN JACQUES, (minister of Bolton-le-Sands)

The Spirit and the letter are but one ;
Spirit and letter are inseparable.

GEORGE FOX

Then everyone that hath the letter hath
The Spirit, and they may buy the Spirit
Even with the letter of the Holy Scriptures ?

[‘ This plain discovery of darkness in the priest moved Judge Fell and Colonel West to reprove them openly, and tell them, that according to that position they might carry the Spirit in their pockets, as they did the Scriptures. Upon this the priests, being confounded and put to silence, rushed out in a rage against the Justices,’ writes Fox, ‘ because they could not have their bloody ends upon me. The Justices, seeing the witnesses did not agree, and perceiving that they were

brought to answer the priests' envy, and finding that all their evidences were not sufficient in law to make good their charge against me, discharged me. And after Judge Fell * had spoken to Justice Sawrey and Justice Thompson, concerning the warrant they had given forth against me, and shewed them the errors thereof, he and Colonel West granted a supersedeas to stop the execution of it.

Thus was I cleared in open Sessions of all those lying accusations, which the malicious priests had laid to my charge ; and multitudes of people praised God that day, for it was a day of everlasting salvation to hundreds of people. For the Lord opened many mouths that day to speak His word to the priests, and several friendly people and professors reprov'd the priests in their inns, and in the streets ; so that they fell, like an old rotten house ; and the cry was among the people, that the Quakers had got the day and the priests were fallen. Many people were convinced that day.']

* Note 2, page 110.

VI

SCENE

The dungeon, Carlisle prison, where George Fox was confined with Moss-troopers, thieves and other prisoners, kept in an indescribable state of filth by the inhuman under-jailer. Fox had gone northward, holding many meetings by the way through Westmorland and Cumberland, and was come to Carlisle, where the magistrates sent their sergeants with threatenings ; and the magistrates' wives had said that, if George Fox came there, they would pluck the hair off his head, and that the sergeants should take him up. ' Nevertheless,' wrote Fox, ' I obeyed the Lord God, and went upon the Market Cross, and there declared unto them, that the day of the Lord was coming upon all their deceitful ways and doings, and deceitful merchandise ; and that they should put away all cozening and cheating, and keep to yea and nay, and speak the truth one to another ; so the truth and the power of God was set over them. . . . The throng became so great that the sergeants could not get to me, nor the magistrates' wives come at me. . . . A deacon, an envious man, finding the Lord's power was over them, cried out for very anger. Whereupon I set my eyes upon him, and spoke sharply to him in the power of the Lord : and he cried, " Do not pierce me so with thy eyes ; keep thy eyes off me." '

George Fox had gone up to the castle among the soldiers, who beat a drum, and called the garrison together ; and there he preached the truth amongst them, finding no opposition from any of them except the sergeants, ' who afterwards came to be convinced.' But the following week the Justices and Magistrates gathered in the town hall and granted a warrant against him, and committed him to prison ' as a blasphemer, a heretic, and a seducer ' ; though they could not justly charge any such things against him. He was kept in the jail until the Assizes came ; and all the talk was that he was to be hanged. The High Sheriff stirred them up to take away his life ; and said he would guard Fox to his execution himself.

' Filthy and bad as the jail was,' wrote Fox, ' the prisoners were all made very loving and subject to me ; and some of them were convinced of the truth, as the publicans and harlots were of old. . . . Great ladies, (as they were called), came to see the man that they said was to die. Now, while both the Judge, Justices, and Sheriff, were contriving together how they might put me to death, the Lord disappointed their design by an unexpected way ; for the Judge's Clerk (as I was informed) started a question among them, which confounded all their counsels ; so that after that they had not power to call me before the Judge.'

Visiting Friends, if they did but look in the grating to see George Fox, were beaten by the cruel under-jailer, who would pretend that Fox was near the grating, when he was not, and beat him, calling out ' come out of the window.' The wife of Justice Benson ' was moved of the Lord,' says Fox, ' to visit me, and to eat no meat but what she ate with me at the bars of the dungeon window. She was afterwards

herself imprisoned at York, when she was great with child, for speaking to a priest ; and was kept in prison, and not suffered to go out, when the time of her travail was come ; so she was delivered of her child in the prison. She was an honest, tender woman, and continued faithful to the truth until she died.'

Another of the remarkable experiences of this imprisonment of George Fox was his meeting with a youth who was to have the distinction of being one of the youngest martyrs of those truly dreadful years of our nation's history, when truth—long overlaid, neglected, and little understood even by those who professed to be leaders of the Christian faith, but who too often made it a miserable merchandise, and frequently a cloak for the lust of power and of many of the baser passions which can take possession of the human spirit—was at last breaking forth in primitive power, divine clearness and strength all over the land.

The name of this youth was James Parnell, 'a little lad of about sixteen years of age.'

JAMES PARNELL [at the grating of the dungeon]

When you were preaching in the Market Place
I was one of those amongst the throng ;
My mind responded to the plea you made :
For my studies all had shown the hollowness
And emptiness of much religious life.

GEORGE FOX

Witnesses there ever have been to the truth ;
But earth mind in many became supreme,
Love of dominion in the flesh, not Christ's ;
Who speaks within to all who will give ear
And give obedience to the voice that calls.
All who would know the truth must seek the light
The Holy Spirit sends, revealing Christ.
He came that He might free our souls from sin,
Make us hear His voice, and e'er follow Him.

JAMES PARNELL

My mind assents to this, yet I find not
The living way of which I heard you preach ;
The scheme of God's appointed Sacrifice,
The Lamb of God that takes earth's sin away,
My studies clearly show ; but human will
Opposes will of God and victory gains ;
And good that I would do, yet I do not.

GEORGE FOX

Dear heart, learned and wise beyond thy years
 In that which our own wills and minds can grasp,
 And which has led thee many dangers past,
 And still will aid thee witnessing for truth
 In that within, e'en where the Saviour speaks,
 In that place where the conflict hath been waged ;
 And thy immortal spirit shall have light,
 Light thou shalt find inshining from on high
 Revealing all thou art, revealing Christ
 Redeemer of thy life and will to God ;
 The Seed of every good thy soul desires,
 The Satisfier of the whole inner man,
 And glorious Leader-out in sacrifice
 Of our own wills, to make the whole-souled choice,
 That, having chosen Him, would not stray again.

JAMES PARNELL

O happiness, that ever seemed beyond my reach,
 Has it come nigh ? Is this new peace within,
 This calm, this rest from mind anxiety,
 The answer to my soul's long weary search ?
 Must all my own poor strivings cease,
 That I may know the very mind of Christ ?

GEORGE FOX

The truth shall make thee free, free from thyself,
 And thy own strivings in the flesh and mind,
 As by the Light led on thou art content
 To do the will of God, as to thee shown,
 And know thy own will gladly joined in His
 And ever set His purpose to perform.

JAMES PARNELL

It is not what you say, much more I feel
 The life that in you lives invades my soul,
 As never one before, though teachers famed
 And many for my years, too, I have known.
 That which has been invisible, unseen,
 The eternal life and power to control,

Is dawning ; and you have directed me
 The pathway I may henceforth safely tread,
 Although it be such pathway as He trod
 The pathway of great joy, through suffering, death,
 Yet pathway e'er in presence of my God.*

GEORGE FOX

Thou shalt go forth for Him, a seed of God
 For every age to come ; to gather in
 The youth, the maiden, by thy witness given.
 Be brave and strong, dear heart, I know thou art
 And thou shalt faithful be in life, in death.

Anthony Pearson, who had been an opposer of Friends, a Justice of the Peace for three counties, who 'was convinced as he sat on the bench,' had come to Swarthmoor some time before; George Fox being then at Colonel West's. They sent for George Fox, Colonel West saying to him : 'Go, George, for it may be of great service to the man.' 'So I went,' writes George Fox, 'and the Lord's power reached him.'

Anthony Pearson with Gervase Benson, another Justice of the Peace, though they had not been permitted to visit George Fox in prison, laboured for his release writing at length to the magistrates thereon :—'Because he [Fox] lives up out of the fall, and testifies against the works of the world, that the deeds thereof are evil, he suffers by you magistrates ; not as an evil-doer.' 'Not long after this,' writes George Fox, 'the Lord's power came over the Justices, and they were made to set me at liberty. But some time previous, the governor, and Anthony Pearson, came down into the dungeon to see the place where I was kept, and understand what usage I had. They found the place so bad, and the savour so ill, that they cried shame on the magistrates for suffering the jailer to do such things. They called for the jailers into the dungeon, and required them to find sureties for their good behaviour ; and the under-jailer who had been such a cruel fellow, they put into the dungeon with me, amongst the moss-troopers.'

After his release from Carlisle prison George Fox passed into Westmorland, Cumberland and Northumberland having many great meetings. At Hexham he had a 'great meeting

* Note 3, page 110.

at the top of a hill ' ; and coming into Cumberland again he says, ' we had a general meeting of many thousands of people at the top of a hill near Langlands. A glorious and heavenly meeting it was. . . .

A great convincement there was in Cumberland, Durham, Northumberland, Westmorland, Lancashire and Yorkshire. . . . About this time the priests and professors fell to prophesying against us afresh. They had said long before, that we should be destroyed within a month ; and after that, they prolonged the time to half-a-year ; but that time being long expired, and we mightily increased in number, they now gave forth, that we would eat out one another. For often after meetings, many tender people having a great way to go, tarried at Friends' houses by the way, and sometimes more than there were beds to lodge in ; so that some have lain on the hay-mows ; hereupon Cain's fear possessed the professors and world's people. For they were afraid, that when we had eaten one another out, we would all come to be maintained by the parishes, and be chargeable to them. But after a while when they saw that the Lord blessed and increased Friends . . . and that things prospered with them ; then they saw the falseness of all their prophesies against us ; and that it was in vain to curse where God had blessed. At the first convincement . . . many Friends, that were tradesmen of several sorts, lost their customers at first ; for the people were shy of them, and would not trade with them ; so that for a time some Friends could hardly get money enough to buy bread. But afterwards, when people came to have experience of Friends' honesty and faithfulness, and found that their yea was yea and their nay was nay ; that they kept to a word in their dealings, and that they would not cozen and cheat them ; but that if they sent a child to their shops for anything, they were as well used as if they had come themselves ; the lives and conversation of Friends did preach, and reached to the witness of God in the people. Then things altered so, that all the inquiry was, " where is there a draper, or shopkeeper, or tailor, or shoemaker, or any other tradesman, that is a Quaker ? " Insomuch that Friends had more trade than many of their neighbours, and if there was any trading, they had a great part of it. Then the envious professors altered their note, and began to cry out, " if we let these Quakers alone,

they will take the trade of the nation out of our hands." This has been the Lord's doing to and for his people ! which my desire is, that all, who profess his holy truth, may be kept truly sensible of, and that all may be preserved, in and by his power and Spirit, faithful to God and man ; first to God, in obeying him in all things ; and then in doing unto all men, that which is just and righteous, to all men and women, in all things, that they have to do or deal with them in ; that the Lord God may be glorified in their practising truth, holiness, godliness, and righteousness, amongst people in all their lives and conversation.'

VII

WHEN George Fox journeyed southward, escaping threatened murder at Halifax, he passed into Lincolnshire. Of this visit he writes, 'There came to the meeting where I was, the Sheriff of Lincoln, and several with him, who made great contention and jangling for a time. But at length the Lord's power struck him, that he was convinced of the truth, and received the word of life, as did several others that had opposed, and continued among Friends till they died. Great meetings there were, and a large convincement in those parts.' Passing thence into Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire he visited the Peak country and then went to Drayton in Leicestershire, to visit his relations. Here he had great disputations with Nathaniel Stephens the priest, and seven other priests whom Stephens had got to help him. 'They had gathered several hundreds of people,' wrote Fox, 'even most of the country thereabouts, and they would have had me into the steeple-house; but I would not go in, but got on a hill and there spoke to them and the people. There were with me Thomas Taylor, who had been a priest, James Parnell, and several other Friends. The priests thought that day to trample down truth; but the truth came over them. Then they grew light, and the people rude; and the priests would not stand trial with me; but would be contending here and there a little with one Friend or another. At last one of the priests brought his son to dispute with me; but his mouth was soon stopped. When he could not tell how to answer, he would ask his father: and his father was confounded also, when he came to answer for his son. So, after they had toiled themselves, they went away in a rage to priest Stephens' house to drink. As they went away, I said, "I never came to a place where so many priests together would not stand the trial with me." Whereupon they and some of their wives came about me, laid hold of me, and fawningly said "What might I have been, if it had not been for the Quakers!"'

After describing much further discourse he writes:—

'So the priests packed away, and many were convinced; for the Lord's power came over all. Though they thought to have confounded truth that day, many were convinced of it; and many that were convinced before, were by that day's work

confirmed in the truth, and abode in it ; and a great shake it gave to the priests. My father in the flesh, though he was a hearer and follower of the priests, thwacked his cane on the ground, and said, " Well, I see he that will but stand to the truth, it will carry him out." "

Passing into the country again thence to Swannington, Leister, and Whetstone, ' There came,' says Fox, ' about seventeen troopers of Colonel Hacker's regiment, with his Marshall, and took me up before the meeting, though Friends were beginning to gather together ; for there were several Friends come from various parts. I told the Marshall, " he might let all the Friends go, I would answer for them all " ; so he took me, and let them go, except Alexander Parker, who was with me.'

SCENE

At night, George Fox before Colonel Hacker, his Major, and Captains, a great company.

COLONEL HACKER

It has been reported to me that you have
Been holding great gatherings hereabouts ;
And you must know that it is also said
There is a rumour being sent abroad
Of a plot against Oliver Cromwell.

GEORGE FOX

We are not of those who thus scheme and plot.
It is against our principles of truth,
And the light which leads and preserves therein.

COLONEL HACKER

Was it not this light of Christ that made Judas
Betray his master ; and then, afterwards,
Was it this light that led him to hang himself ?

GEORGE FOX

Nay, verily that was the spirit of darkness
Which both hated Christ and denied His light.

COLONEL HACKER

George Fox you may go home if you keep there ;
And go not again abroad to meetings.

GEORGE FOX

I am an innocent man, free from plots,
And always have and do deny such work.

HACKER'S SON NEEDHAM

Father, this man hath already reigned too long,
It is fully time to have him cut off.

GEORGE FOX

For what ? What have I done ? or whom e'er wronged ?
For I was born and bred in this country,
And no one can say that I wronged him,
Nor accuse me of evil from a child.

COLONEL HACKER

Will you now go home, George Fox, and stay there ?

GEORGE FOX

If I promised that, it would manifest
That I was even guilty of something,
To go home, and make my home a prison ;
And if I went to meetings all would say
I did not keep my word, and broke the order.
I shall go to meetings as the Lord orders,
Therefore cannot submit to this requiring :
But we are ever a peaceable people.

COLONEL HACKER

Well then I will send you to my Lord Protector,
By Captain Drury, one of his life guards.

[' That night,' wrote George Fox, ' I was kept a prisoner at the Marshalsea ; and next morning by six o'clock, I was delivered to Captain Drury. I desired he would let me speak with Colonel Hacker before I went, and he had me to his bedside. Colonel Hacker set upon me presently again, to go home and keep no more meetings. I told him, " I could not submit to that, but must have my liberty to serve God, and go to meetings." " Then," said he, " you must go before the Protector." Whereupon I kneeled by his bedside, and besought the Lord

to forgive him, for he was as Pilate, though he would wash his hands ; and when the day of his misery and trial should come upon him, I bid him then remember what I had said to him. But he was stirred up, and set on by priest Stephens, and the other priests and professors, wherein their envy and baseness was manifest ; who, when they could not overcome me by disputes and arguments, nor resist the Spirit of the Lord that was in me, then they got soldiers to take me up.

Afterwards, when this Colonel Hacker was in prison in London, a day or two before he was executed, he was put in mind of what he had done against the innocent ; and he remembered it, and confessed it to Margaret Fell, saying he knew well whom she meant ; and he had a trouble upon him for it. So his son, who told his father I had reigned too long, and that it was time to have me cut off, might observe how his father was cut off afterwards, he being hanged at Tyburn.

Now was I carried up a prisoner by Captain Drury from Leicester ; . . . William Dewsbury and Marmaduke Storr being in prison in Northampton, he let me go and visit them. . . . So he brought me to London, and lodged me at the Mermaid, over-against the Mews at Charing Cross. . . . He left me there and went to give the Protector an account of me. When he came to me again, he told me, the Protector required that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword or weapon against him or the government, as it then was, and I should write it in what words I saw good, and set my hand to it. I said little in reply to Captain Drury. But the next morning I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector, Oliver Cromwell : “ Wherein I did in the presence of the Lord God declare, that I denied the wearing or drawing of a carnal sword, or any other outward weapon, against him or any man : and that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness ; and to turn people from darkness to light ; and to bring them from the causes of war and fighting, to the peaceable gospel, and from being evil-doers, which the magistrates’ swords should be a terror to.” When I had written what the Lord had given me to write, I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury to hand to Oliver Cromwell, which he did.

After some time Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall. It was in a morning, before

he was dressed, and one Harvey, who had come a little among Friends, but was disobedient, waited upon him.'

[George Fox enters the chamber]

GEORGE FOX

Peace be in this house : keep in fear of God,
That thou mayest receive wisdom from Him ;
That by it thou mayest be directed
And mayest order all things under His hand
To the everlasting glory of God.

OLIVER CROMWELL

I have desired to see you, and am glad
That we now meet and can speak face to face,
That I may hear of that religious life
You preach, and have so widely spread abroad.

GEORGE FOX

We have found the way they walked in of old,
In which the prophets and apostles knew
They heard the voice of God directing them,
And found His light even to shine within,
Revealing to them there His holy will,
Leading them therein into the truth ;
As now He sends the new birth from above.

OLIVER CROMWELL

He does that in truth ; it is very good :
But why do you quarrel with ministers ?

GEORGE FOX

I do not quarrel with them, they quarrel
With me and my friends, and persecute us.
If we own prophets, Christ and the apostles
We cannot hold up such teachers, prophets,
And shepherds, as prophets, Christ and apostles
Bore witness against and declared against ;

But we must also declare against them,
Even by the same power and Spirit.

OLIVER CROMWELL

Are you assured this is required of you ?

GEORGE FOX

Prophets, Christ and apostles declared freely,
And against them that did not declare freely ;
Such as preached for filthy lucre, and divined
For money, preached for hire, were covetous
And greedy, that can never have enough ;
They that have the Spirit that Christ and prophets
And the apostles had, cannot but declare,
Too, against all such now, as they did then.

OLIVER CROMWELL

Falseness is to be reproved, it is true ;
And what you say is good, it is the truth.

GEORGE FOX

All Christendom (so called) has had the Scriptures
But wants the power and Spirit that they had
Who gave forth the Scriptures ; and that is why
It is not in fellowship with the Son,
Nor with the Father, nor with the Scriptures,
Nor gives fellowship one with another.
Strength, human will alone, cannot endure ;
Opinions, notions, creeds, Christ's power obscure,
And turn the inward sight to outward things,
Engender pride and self sufficiency,
Leave the heart unchanged, still in earthly bonds,
Nor raise the eye of the soul to the light ;
Wherefore, it most becomes greatest, as least,
To fix the mind not on mere passing fears,
Nor on stability founded on them,
But on the truth which changes not, nor fails.

[People coming in, George Fox drew a little back ; as he was turning to go Cromwell caught him by the hand, and there were tears in his eyes.]

OLIVER CROMWELL

Come again to my house ; if thou and I
Were but for an hour a day together,
We should be nearer one to the other :
I wish you no more ill than my own soul.

GEORGE FOX

If thou didst so, thou wouldst wrong thy own soul :
Harken to God's voice, that thou mayest e'er stand
In His counsel and ever obey it ;
If thou dost, 'twill keep thee from heart hardness,
But if thou dost not hear the voice of God,
Then thou wilt know thy heart to be hardened.

OLIVER CROMWELL

Again I must say it is the truth.

George Fox then went out. Captain Drury came out after him, and said :—' his lord Protector says you are at liberty, and may go whither you will.'

' Then,' writes George Fox, ' I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine ; and I asked them, what they brought me thither for ? they said, it was by the Protector's order, that I might dine with them. I bid them let the Protector know, I would not eat of his bread, nor drink of his drink. When he heard this, he said, " Now I see there is a people risen and come up, that I cannot win either with gifts, honours, offices, or places ; but all other sects and people I can." It was told him again, " that we had forsaken our own, and were not likely to look for such things from him." . . . When I came from Whitehall to the Mermaid at Charing Cross, I stayed not long there ; but went into the city of London, where we had great and powerful meetings ; so great were the throngs of people, that I could hardly get to and from the meetings for the crowds ; and the truth spread exceedingly. Thomas Aldam and Robert Craven, who had been sheriff of Lincoln, and many Friends, came up to London after me ; but Alexander Parker abode with me. . . . Many Friends about this time were moved to go up and down, to sound forth the everlasting gospel in most parts of

the nation, and also in Scotland ; and the glory of the Lord was felt over all to his everlasting praise. A great conviction there was in London, and some in the Protector's house and family : I went to see him again, but could not get access to him, the officers were grown so rude. . . . I appointed a meeting in the fields near Acton, in which the word of life, the saving truth, was declared freely. The Lord's power was eminently manifested, and his blessed day exalted over all.'

This meeting was held probably in the Lammas Fields. Where these fields formerly were the writer of this sketch has for many years had his home. In this Acton resided one of our most celebrated and highly esteemed Chief Justices, Lord Chief Justice Sir Matthew Hale, before whom George Fox afterwards came ; also Richard Baxter, author of 'The Saints Everlasting Rest' ; Lord Francis Rous, Speaker of the Little Parliament, and Philip Skippon one of Cromwell's generals.

During the years following his interview with Cromwell many papers were given forth by George Fox, and amongst them were those addressed 'To all professors of Christianity,' 'To such as follow the World's Fashions,' 'To Those that made a Scorn of Trembling and Quaking,' 'To Churches gathered into outward forms upon the Earth,' 'To the Pope and all kings and rulers in Europe,' 'To the Justices and Commissioners appointed for the trying of Ministers, for approving, or rejecting them out of their places or benefices,' and others to Oliver Cromwell and to King Charles II.

In reference to one to Cromwell, Fox says :—'I was moved to write a letter to the Protector, to warn him of the mighty work the Lord hath to do in the nations, and of the shaking of them ; and to beware of his own wit, craft, subtilty, and policy, or seeking any by-ends to himself.'

In the year 1655 'came out the oath of abjuration, by which many Friends suffered ; and several went to speak to the Protector about it ; but he began to harden. And sufferings increasing upon Friends, by reason that envious magistrates made use of that oath as a snare to catch Friends in, who, they knew, could not swear at all, I was moved to write to the Protector, as follows :—

"The magistrate is not to bear the sword in vain, who ought to be a terror to evil-doers ; but as the magistrate that doth

bear the sword in vain, is not a terror to evil-doers, so he is not a praise to them that do well. Now hath God raised up a people by His power, whom people, priests, and magistrates, who are out of the fear of God, scornfully call Quakers, who cry against drunkenness (for drunkards destroy God's creatures), and against oaths (for because of oaths the land mourns), and these drunkards and swearers to whom the magistrates' sword should be a terror, are, we see, at liberty ; but for crying against such, many are cast into prison. . . . Now ye, in whom something of God is remaining, consider ; If the sword was not borne in vain, but turned against the evil-doers, then the righteous would not suffer, and be cast into holes, dungeons, corners, prisons, and houses of correction, as peace-breakers, for testifying against sin openly, as they are commanded of the Lord. . . . Therefore, O man, consider ; to the measure of the life of God in thee I speak. Many also lie in jails, because they cannot pay the priest's tithes ; many have their goods spoiled, and treble damages taken of them ; and many are whipped and beaten in the house of correction, without breach of any law. These things are done in thy name in order to protect them in these actions. If men fearing God bore the sword, if covetousness were hated, and men of courage for God were set up, then they would be a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well ; and not cause them to suffer. Here equity would be heard in our land, and righteousness would stand up and take place ; which giveth not place to the unrighteous, but judgeth it. To the measure of God's Spirit in thee I speak, that thou mayest consider, and come to rule for God ; that thou mayest answer that which is of God in every man's conscience ; for this is that, which bringeth to honour all men in the Lord. Therefore consider for whom thou dost rule, that thou mayest come to receive power from God to rule for him ; and all that is contrary to God may by his light be condemned. From a lover of thy soul, who desires thy eternal good. G. F."

But sufferings and imprisonments continuing and increasing, and the Protector (under whose name they were inflicted) hardening himself against the complaints that were made to him, I was moved to issue the following amongst Friends, to bring the weight of their sufferings more heavy upon the heads of the persecutors :—

“ Who is moved by the power of the Lord to offer himself to the justice for his brother or sister, that lies in prison, and to go lie there in their stead, that his brother or sister may come out of prison and so offer his life for his brother or sister ? . . . as Christ hath laid down His life for you, so lay down your lives one for another.” ’

A year later George Fox writes :—‘ While I was in prison in Launceston, a Friend went to Oliver Cromwell, and offered himself, body for body, to lie in Doomsdale in my stead ; if he would take him, and let me have liberty. Which thing so struck him, that he said to his great men and council, “ Which of you would do so much for me if I were in the same condition ? ” And though he did not accept of the Friend’s offer, but said, “ he could not do it, for that it was contrary to law ; ” yet the truth thereby came mightily over him.’

After this some time George Fox was returning from the West and Kingston-on-Thames. He writes :—‘ We rode to London. When we came near Hyde Park, we saw a great concourse of people, and looking toward them, espied the Protector coming in his coach. Whereupon I rode to his coach-side ; and some of his life-guards would have put me away, but he forbade them. So I rode by with him, “ declaring what the Lord gave me to say to him of his condition, and of the sufferings of Friends in the nation ; showing him, how contrary this persecution was to Christ and His apostles, and to Christianity. When we arrived at James’s Park-gate, I left him ; and at parting he desired me to come to his house. Next day one of his wife’s maids, whose name was Mary Saunders, came to me at my lodging, and told me her master came to her, and said he would tell her some good news. When she asked him what it was, he told her, George Fox was come to town. She replied that was good news indeed (for she had received truth), but she said, she could hardly believe him, till he told her how I met him, and rode from Hyde Park to James’s Park with him.

After a little time Edward Pyot and I went to Whitehall ; and when we came before him, Dr Owen, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford was with him. We were moved to speak to Oliver Cromwell concerning the sufferings of Friends, and laid them before him ; and directed him to the light of Christ, who enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. He said

it was a natural light ; but we “ showed him the contrary, and manifested that it was divine and spiritual, proceeding from Christ, the spiritual and heavenly man ; and that which was called the *life* in Christ the Word, was called the *light* in us.” The power of the Lord God arose in me, and I was moved in it “ to bid him lay down his crown at the feet of Jesus.” Several times I spoke to him to the same effect. Now I was standing by the table, and he came and sat upon the table’s side by me, and said he would be as high as I was ; and so continued speaking against the light of Jesus Christ ; and went away in a light manner. But the Lord’s power came over him, so that when he came to his wife and other company, he said, “ I never parted so from them before ” ; for he was judged in himself.’

A year later Fox writes :—‘ When Oliver Cromwell sent forth a proclamation for a fast throughout the nation, for rain, when there was a very great drought, it was observed, that as far as truth had spread in the north, there were pleasant showers and rain enough, when in the south, in many places, they were almost spoiled for want of rain. At that time I was moved to write an answer to the Protector’s proclamation, wherein I told him, “ if he had come to own God’s truth, he should have had rain ; and that drought was a sign unto them of their barrenness, and want of the water of life.” ’

In the year 1658 George Fox says :—‘ During the time I was in London, many services lay upon me ; for it was a time of much suffering. I was moved to write to Oliver Cromwell, and lay before him the sufferings of Friends, both in this nation and in Ireland. There was also a rumour about this time of making Cromwell King ; whereupon I was moved to go to him, and warned him against it, and of divers dangers ; which, if he did not avoid, “ he would bring a shame and ruin upon himself and his posterity.” He seemed to take well what I said to him, and thanked me ; yet afterwards I was moved to write to him more fully concerning that matter.

About this time the Lady Claypole [the favourite daughter of Oliver Cromwell] was sick and much troubled in mind, and could receive no comfort from any that came to her ; which when I heard of, I was moved to write to her.*

After this . . . taking boat I went to Kingston, and thence

* Note 4, page 111.

to Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of Friends. I met him riding into Hampton Court Park, and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft (or apparition) of death go forth against him ; and when I came to him, he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him, according as I was moved to speak to him, he bid me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston, and next day went to Hampton Court, to speak further with him. But when I came, he was sick, and—Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing I should speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him more.'

George Fox next visited Buckinghamshire, then returning to London he says : ' Soon after I went into Essex, where I had not been long before I heard that the Protector was dead, and his son Richard made Protector in his room.'

VIII

GREAT and almost incessant as were the persecutions and imprisonments inflicted upon Friends, and the character of these were such as to be indescribable in all their dreadful and revolting details of filth and inhuman cruelties ; yet there were now and again slight respites : as when complaints were made to Général Monk of his soldiery breaking up and being troublesome to Friends in their meetings, and he issued the following order from St James's the 9th of March 1659

“ I do require all officers and soldiers to forbear to disturb the peaceable meetings of the Quakers, they doing nothing prejudicial to the Parliament or Commonwealth of England.

George Monk.”

During the next year in his journeying George Fox came again to Swarthmoor. He was accompanied by Thomas Curtis, a minister, who with his wife, the daughter of a sheriff of Bristol, had visited him when he was a prisoner in Launceston Jail, and by Francis Howgill, an eminent minister out of the north, who suffered in Appleby Jail, for his conscientious refusal to swear. He was sentenced as follows :—

‘ You are put out of the King's protection and the benefit of the law : your lands are confiscated to the King during your life, and your goods and chattels for ever ; and you to be a prisoner during your life.’

SCENE

The parlour, Swarthmoor Hall, Richard Richardson, Margaret Fell and George Fox in conversation.

GEORGE FOX

Even here, Margaret Fell, it has been shown
That I am to be taken prisoner again ;
Indeed I apprehend that it is near
And will, as well, give trouble unto thee.

MARGARET FELL

Fear not for me, nor the care it may bring ;
I am concerned, deeply concerned, for thee
That thou shouldst be taken and imprisoned
And thereby that thy health should be impaired.

RICHARD RICHARDSON

Will they even invade thy home, Margaret Fell ?
 How many and often the persecuted
 Have here a happy rest and refuge found,
 And ever loving gracious care from thee.

GEORGE FOX

Full of heavenly refreshment the rest here
 After the weeks of travel and meetings held,
 Concerning both this nation and beyond seas ;
 And sweet it were, if of the Lord, tarrying still.
 His power is over all, and in His will
 There is the inner rest, that flesh gives not ;
 And sense beforehand given of coming ill
 Makes it not greater, but the spirit yields
 Consciousness that He knows, who giveth strength.
 [Noises heard outside the door and servants enter]

A SERVANT

Mistress, constables and a band of men
 Have entered the house and gone to the chambers,
 Saying that they have come to search for arms,
 A poor pretence thus to outrage your home.

GEORGE FOX

[Rising went out to the constables and passing by some of
 them said]

Why is it that you come, and whom seek you ?

CONSTABLE

We come with a warrant, what is your name ?

GEORGE FOX

My name is well known here, it is George Fox.

[Several men lay hold of him]

CONSTABLE

You are the man we have been looking for.
 Men keep him safely, and have him away.

[They lead him off to Ulverston]

George Fox writes: ' They kept me all night at the constables' house and set a guard of fifteen or sixteen men to watch me ; some of whom sat in the chimney, for fear I should go up it ; such dark imaginations possessed them. They were very rude and uncivil, and would neither suffer me to speak to Friends, nor suffer them to bring me necessities ; but with violence thrust them out, and kept a strong guard upon me. Very wicked and rude they were, and a great noise they made about me. One of the constables, whose name was Ashburnham, said, " He did not think a thousand men could have taken me." Another of the constables, whose name was Mount, a very wicked man, said, " He would have served Judge Fell himself so, if he had been alive, and he had had a warrant for him."

Next morning, about six, I was putting on my boots and spurs to go with them before some Justice ; but they pulled off the latter, took my knife out of my pocket, and hastened me away along the town, with a party of horse and abundance of people, not suffering me to stay till my own horse came down. When I was gone about a quarter of a mile with them, some Friends, with Margaret Fell and her children, came toward me ; and then a great party of horse gathered about me in a mad rage and fury, crying out, " Will they rescue him ? Will they rescue him ? " Whereupon I said to them, " Here is my hair, here is my back, here are my cheeks, strike on ! " With these words their heat was a little assuaged.'

After a long ride, beset by their rudeness and ridicule, he continues :—' Then they led me to Lancaster, about fourteen miles, and a great triumph they thought to have had ; but as they led me, I was moved " to sing praises to the Lord, in his triumphing power over all."

When I was come to Lancaster, the spirits of the people being mightily up, I stood and looked earnestly upon them ; and they cried, " Look at his eyes ! " After a while I spoke to them ; and then they were pretty sober.'

[Officers take Fox to Major Porter, the Justice, who had sent forth the warrant, who had several others with him]

GEORGE FOX

When he came in said, Peace be amongst you.

GEORGE AND MARGARET FOX

MAJOR PORTER

Why do you come down into the country
To give trouble in this troublesome time ?

GEORGE FOX

I came that I might visit my brethren.

MAJOR PORTER

But then you have great meetings up and down.

GEORGE FOX

It is true we have, but these are well known
Throughout the whole nation to be peaceable,
And we are known to be a peaceable people.

MAJOR PORTER

They say you see the devil in people's faces.

GEORGE FOX

If I saw a drunkard, or a swearer,
Or a peevish, heady man, could I say
That I saw the Spirit of God in him ?
I ask, can you see the Spirit of God ?

MAJOR PORTER

O you cry out against the ministers.

GEORGE FOX

While we were as Saul, sitting under priests,
Running up and down with their packets of letters,
They never called us pestilent fellows, nor sect makers,
But when we come to exercise our minds
And consciences toward God and toward man,
Then we are called pestilent fellows, as Paul was.

MAJOR PORTER

O you can express yourselves well enough
And I will not try to dispute with you,
But this I will do, I will restrain you.

GEORGE FOX

For what cause, and by what authority
Was the warrant sent and I arrested ?
Why was I subjected to the abuse
Of constables and other officers
In taking me and bringing me hither ?

MAJOR PORTER

There is an order, but you may not see it,
I shall not reveal to you the King's secrets.
A prisoner may not see for what he is committed.

GEORGE FOX

That is not reason ; how should I make my defence ?
I ought to have a copy of the charge.

MAJOR PORTER

Though a young Justice, I have an old clerk.

' Then,' writes Fox, ' he called to his clerk, saying, " Is it not ready yet ? Bring it," meaning the mittimus ; but it not being ready, he said to me, " I was a disturber of the nation." I told him, I had been a blessing to the nation, in and through the Lord's power and truth, and the Spirit of God in all consciences would answer it. Then he charged me as " an enemy to the King ; that I endeavoured to raise a new war, and imbrue the nation in blood again." I told him, I had never learned the postures of war, but was clear and innocent as a child concerning those things and therefore was bold. Then came the clerk with the mittimus, and the jailer was sent for, and commanded to take and put me in the Dark-house, and to let none come to me ; but keep me there a close prisoner, till I should be delivered by the King or parliament. . . . Upon my being taken and forcibly carried away from Margaret Fell's house, and charged with things of so high a nature, she was concerned, looking upon it to be an injury offered to herself. Whereupon she wrote the following lines, and distributed them :—

To all Magistrates, concerning the wrong taking up, and imprisoning of George Fox at Lancaster.

"I do inform the governors of this nation, that Henry Porter, Mayor of Lancaster, sent a warrant, with four constables, to my house, for which he had no authority or order. They searched my house, and apprehended George Fox in it, who was not guilty of the breach of any law, or of any offence against any in the nation. After they had taken him, and brought him before the said Henry Porter, bail was offered, what he would demand, for his appearance, to answer what could be laid to his charge ; but he (contrary to law, if he had taken him lawfully) refused to accept of any bail and put him in close prison. After he was in prison, a copy of his mittimus was demanded, which ought not to be denied to any prisoner, so that he may see what is laid to his charge ; but it was denied him ; a copy he could not have, they were suffered only to read it over. Every thing that was there charged against him was utterly false ; he was not guilty of any one charge in it, as will be proved and manifested to the nation. Let the governors consider it. I am concerned in this thing, inasmuch as he was apprehended in my house ; and if he be guilty, I am too. So I desire to have this searched out.

MARGARET FELL."

After this Margaret Fell determined to go to London, to speak with the King about my being taken, and to show him the manner of it, and the unjust dealing and evil usage I had received. When Justice Porter heard of this, he vapoured, that he would go and meet her in the gap. But when he came before the King, having been a zealous man for the parliament against the King, several of the courtiers spoke to him concerning his plundering their houses ; so that he quickly had enough of the court, and soon returned into the country. . . .

About this time Ann Curtis, of Reading, came to see me ; and understanding how I stood committed, it was upon her also to go to the King about it. Her father, who had been Sheriff of Bristol, had been hung near his own door for endeavouring to bring in the King ; on which consideration she had some hopes the King might hear her on my behalf. Accordingly, when she returned to London, she and Margaret Fell went to the King together, who, when he understood whose daughter she was, received her kindly. And her request to him being "to send for me up, and hear the cause himself" he promised her he would, and commanded his secretary to send

down an order for bringing me up. But when they came to the secretary for the order, he, being no friend to us, said, "it was not in his power; he must act according to law, and I must be brought up by an *habeas corpus* before the Judges." So he wrote to the Judge of the King's Bench, signifying that it was the King's pleasure, that I should be sent up by an *habeas corpus*. Accordingly a writ was sent down, and delivered to the Sheriff; but because it was directed to the Chancellor of Lancaster, the Sheriff put it off to him; on the other hand, the Chancellor would not make the warrant upon it, but said the Sheriff must do that. At length both Chancellor and Sheriff were got together; but being both enemies to truth, they sought occasion for delay, and found, they said, an error in the writ, which was, that being directed to the Chancellor, it stated, "George Fox in prison under *your* custody," whereas the prison I was in was not, they said, in the Chancellor's custody, but in the Sheriff's; so the word *your* should have been *his*. On this they returned the writ to London, only to have that one word altered. When it was altered, and brought down again, the Sheriff refused to carry me up, unless I would seal a writing to him, and become bound to pay for the sealing, and the charge of carrying me up; which I refused, telling them I would not seal anything to them, nor be bound. So the matter rested a while, and I continued in prison.

Meanwhile the Assize came on; but as there was a writ for removing me up, I was not brought before the Judge.' This interval was again used by George Fox for sending forth papers on *True Religion, Against Persecution, To Friends, and To the King*. He continues his account of his release:—"It was long before the Sheriff would yield to remove me to London, unless I would seal a bond to him, and bear their charges; which I still refused to do. Then they consulted how to convey me, and first concluded to send up a party of horse with me. I told them, "If I were such a man as they had represented me to be, they had need send a troop or two of horse to guard me." When they considered what a charge it would be to them to send up a party of horse with me, they altered their purpose, and concluded to send me up guarded only by the jailer and some bailiffs. But, upon further consideration, they found that would be a great charge

to them also, and therefore sent for me to the jailer's house, and told me, if I would put in bail, that I would be in London such a day of the term, I should have leave to go up with some of my own friends. I told them I would neither put in bail, nor give one piece of silver to the jailer; for I was an innocent man, and they had imprisoned me wrongfully, and laid a false charge upon me. Nevertheless, I said, if they would let me go up with one or two of my friends to bear me company, I might go up, and be in London such a day, if the Lord should permit; and if they desired it, I, or any of my friends that went with me, would carry up their charge against myself. At last, when they saw they could do no otherwise with me, the Sheriff yielded, consenting that I should come up with some of my friends, without any other engagement than my word, to appear before the Judges at London, such a day of the term if the Lord should permit.'

Thereupon let out of prison George Fox rested a few days at Swarthmoor and then proceeded toward London, holding meetings at various places by the way, and being accompanied on the journey by Richard Hubberthorn and Robert Widders. Arrived in London they appeared at the bar of the King's Bench, accompanied by 'Esquire Marsh who was of the King's bedchamber,' before Judge Foster, Lord Chief Justice and other Judges. 'Then stood up Esquire Marsh,' wrote George Fox, 'and told the Judges "It was the King's pleasure, that I should be set at liberty, seeing no accuser came up against me." They asked me, "Whether I would put it to the King and Council?" I said, "Yes, with a good will." Thereupon they sent the Sheriff's return, which he made to the writ of *habeas corpus*, containing the matter charged against me in the mittimus, to the King, that he might see for what I was committed. . . . On perusal of this, and consideration of the whole matter, the King, being satisfied of my innocency, commanded his secretary to send an order to Judge Mallett for my release; which he did thus:—

"It is his Majesty's pleasure, that you give order for releasing, and setting at full liberty, the person of George Fox, late a prisoner in Lancaster Jail, and commanded hither by an *habeas corpus*. And this signification of his Majesty's

pleasure shall be your sufficient warrant. Dated at Whitehall, the 24th of October 1660.

EDWARD NICHOLAS.

For Sir Thomas Mallet, Knight,
One of the Justices of the King's Bench."

When this order was delivered, Judge Mallet forthwith sent his warrant to the marshal of the King's Bench for my release. . . . Thus, after being a prisoner more than twenty weeks, I was freely set at liberty by the King's command, the Lord's power having wonderfully wrought for the clearing of my innocency; Porter, who committed me, not daring to appear to make good the charge he had falsely suggested against me.'

INTERLUDE

Hillside, where feet of ancient monks once trod
From sweet Valency Vale up midst the wood
To plant their minster church in solitude,
Within the dell the ancient hills enshroud,
That they in silence, save of running stream
Or fall of autumn leaves, might worship God,
Upon your slope I rested and the stream
Sent up its murmuring gurgling melody
Far through enfolding shade of stunted oaks
When I had left behind within its dell
That strangely lone mysterious house of God.

I worshipped there to-day, heard preacher tell
The lesson of the lad's loaves, (Andrew's son's ?)
That, as he, we are called to give up all
To service of the Lord, as stewards hold
His bounty freely given to our care ;
Nor fail to gather fragments manifold
That still remain of love, wherein all share,
As from the Saviour's hand the heavenly bread,
And, ordered in our companies, all are fed.

But why did these, Brothers of early days,
Refuse to share love's feast from hand of God,
Nor know the mystic stillness God portrays
When love of two souls mated rests in calm,
Knows rapture, passing utterance of all words,
Communion, likest to the soul's with God ?
Or from this new strength, each from other gained,
In silence catch love cadences of song,
Like to Valency's as she runs to-day
Even as she ran within the ages old,
Made music for the monks who hid away
Far from men's haunts, nor knew love's depths untold.

O melody of love, of choice, of wills,
Joined in the union God gave at the first,
And sanctity of marriage, that is still
Heavenliest of life the human spirit knows,
Save only love of God within the soul :
These new, forever new, in all thus joined,

And yet of old in earliest age of men
The being and the glory of the race.

IX

SCENE

George Fox and Margaret Fell on horseback riding to her home Swarthmoor Hall from Holker Hall, the home of Justice Preston, whither Fox had been taken, and where to ensnare him they tendered him the oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy which he could not take, 'whereupon,' his Journal says, 'they were about to make my mittimus to send me to Lancaster Jail; but, considering, they only engaged me to appear at the Sessions, and so for that time they dismissed me.'

GEORGE FOX

We ride to-day back toward thy loved Swarthmoor ;
Sweet is the fresh air over Morecombe Bay
After the atmosphere of Holker Hall ;
Restful the respite from Lancaster Jail,
Though at the Sessions there I must appear.

Since my first coming, Margaret, to thy home
Remembrance lives of all thy kindness shown
And thy dear husband's, strong and ever true,
Whose faithful love and kindness shown to me
And all he apprehended seeking truth,
Ere from thy side death had called him away,
Remains a fragrant and sweet memory
'Midst all sufferings and journeys which I share
With other Friends, now gathered in the Lord
In many scattered places, where the seed
Has taken root in opened fruitful soil.

Thy tender service to the cause of truth
Has made thee mother seem unto all Friends,
Giving motherhood, shelter of thy home,
To all who ever came within its walls ;
And there as with thy family I have met
And neighbouring Friends the meeting joined,
When covering of the spirit of the Lord
Was over us, and the light of heavenly truth,
There has opened to me, dear Margaret,
A prospect I would have thee think upon,

If, in the light and clearness of thy mind
 And in the tender love of thy dear heart,
 It ever may seem right our lives should join
 In closer bonds than those already ours,
 Of hallowed friendship, oneness in our faith,
 Even in the union of the marriage state.
 Thou knowest my tender love for thee
 And for thy family in the Lord,
 But it has sometime been inborne that thou
 And I may fuller richer service share
 Joined in the closer union marriage gives.
 Full, rich, mysterious, rightly understood,
 Even as the mystic union found in Christ.
 I love thee, Margaret, for thy own dear self
 Beyond the love born of thy loving heart
 And all the nameless helpful nobleness
 Shown to me and to Friends through many years
 By thy intrinsic worth and precious life.
 Much service lies before me and years speed on ;
 Although fulfilment of this tender holy bond
 Unto mind clearness still may have to wait,
 May I, dear heart, look for and know thy love
 Joins with my own, that thou wilt be my wife ?

[Unbroken silence fell, nought save their horses' feet
 Was heard upon the roadway as they passed along.
 Birds were making melody, the sunshine warm,
 But these were as if non-existent in the light
 And joy that fills a noble woman's soul
 And burns within until her very being tells
 The love unutterable that, new found, dwells within
 In consciousness that she herself is loved
 By one whom she can love with all her life,
 And that her lover, e'en as Christ gave Himself,
 In loving gives himself in truth to her.]

MARGARET

Dear George, how can I fully answer thee ?
 It is not sudden, I have for some time seen,
 Yea, truly, with that nature the true woman knows
 I have felt and known, that the time would come

When thou wouldst wish me to share life of thine,
 Within thy heart and bosom as thy wife ;
 And deep within the stillness of my soul
 The voice of love responded, and the light
 And joy that ever with true union come
 Have shone, and filled me with new gladness, strength
 To share with thee all that thy life may hold.
 I love thee, dear George, and will be thy wife,
 When clearness from the Lord is to us shown,
 Will thy sufferings share, thy prisons if need be.

GEORGE FOX

The praise be His who has given to us
 This happy blessed hope and holy joy,
 To dedicate all in His time and way :
 Dear heart, at present it must be within ourselves
 In hallowed expectation and in faith,
 E'en till clearness is found forward to go,
 Opening it unto thy family and to Friends.
 How fragrant is the air up from the shore,
 And all nature answering to our state.

MARGARET

It is so, beloved ; but now I thought
 How different the way since we went forth !
 Its gladness and its joy we dedicate
 To Him in our life service Who now leads.
 Thy duty and thy labours may still call
 Thee into distant, even foreign fields ;
 While mine may still be nearer here at home,
 In meetings that were gathered first by thee.
 But in service, whatsoever it may be,
 Our mutual love will ever stronger make
 Our witness to the deeper life God gives,
 When, in His time and way, two lives are joined.
 He in the fulness of His love and grace
 Already has so richly blessed our lives
 And given us new strength, in each other found,
 To further and fulfil His purposes of love,
 We can but praise Him, as His love leads on.

[George Fox and Margaret Fell having arrived at Swarthmoor Hall, alighted, and entered the great pannelled room where Friends' meetings were held]

MARGARET FELL

Once more within this home of many joys,
And now in deeper, fuller sense thy home
Who added to it as a blessed place
Of hallowed union, round the open hearth,
To my dear children and to countless Friends,
For them and for myself I welcome thee,
To whom for many years their love has gone.

GEORGE FOX

Peace of the presence of the Saviour, Christ,
Abide herein, unto His holy praise ;
Even as He gave, in earliest wonder wrought,
Joy, peace and rest to marriage guests.
How wonderful His leadings and His love
That have made even prison walls His way
To spread abroad the truth throughout the land,
And Who made ever helpful unto stricken Friends
This home of love and holy fellowship
Through thee and through beloved Thomas Fell,
Whose memory ever sweetly dwells herein.
How oft from the retirement of his room,
Through this wide opened door, he listening shared
Messages of Friends, living silence felt,
And knew the power of God was over all.

MARGARET FELL

Yes it was His power ; and it deeper grew
As dear Thomas weaker grew ; and to Friends
More loving he became, who e'en at first
Saw deeper into truth and righteousness
Than many who may more profession make.
How good he ever was unto the children,
And tender and considerate unto me :
For I was young when I became his wife ;

Though he was older, none could be more kind
 Nor e'er more near in love and true desire.
 If his life differed in its form from Friends,
 And lines of thought were his that Justice held,
 Which had so wholly claimed his life,
 Greater than all outward things his soul
 Set to fulfil what he saw right and true.

GEORGE FOX

It was so, and his spirit met my own
 Even at the first, though unfamiliar then
 The message of the truth then given me.
 He saw that we were called of the Most High
 To draw out from earth darkness and from sin ;
 To turn men who live in them to the light
 That has been from the first, shall be at last,
 Shall spread abroad until it fills the earth,
 E'en as from Pendle Hill I saw it spread
 The imperishable word, the life within,
 Yea, seed and fruit alike of the good news
 That Christ, the living Christ, Word in the Soul
 That lives and reigns, must be over all.

MARGARET FELL

From the flow of words we lived in long ago,
 Blessed rest of silence we but slowly learned ;
 Indeed, who knows the depth of living silence ?
 Depths of our own heart : until that in us,
 Close sympathy and the deepest longing
 Of our being, the love of God, is wakened ;
 Finds a deeper self than we have ever known
 Or dreamed of heretofore, when we were held
 With the adventitious and earth loves,
 That never could expel self from our souls,
 Or know in truth heaven's highest gift, the love
 That loses self, giving e'en its very life :
 But thou art weary, after morning trial,
 And our happy ride together hitherward ;
 And now no deeper converse must we have
 Until thou hast had rest and art refreshed.

GEORGE FOX

Dear Heart, thy presence and thy tender love
Have given sense of rest and holy joy,
In the invisible abiding trust,
Beyond utterance of words ; the Lord be praised.

Margaret Fell, honoured and greatly beloved when in her own day she rendered incalculable service to the cause of truth, is one of the long line of heroic women the full measure of whose heroism, self-sacrifice and devotion is but imperfectly appraised, and sometimes even lost sight of in the very multitude of the ministries rendered. Although the statement frequently made that she came of the same family as Anne Askew, the youthful martyr of Smithfield, is probably quite incorrect, yet the record of her life, with its early devotion to her family and her eager search for truth, her spontaneous and even rapturous ecstasy at the revelation in her own soul and in her family of the gospel of light and life in Christ Jesus, her unswerving fidelity and fortitude in its furtherance, as she came to know its implications, are in the line of the spirit of the martyrs. As the claims of the truth upon life and conduct became known her loyalty and devotion under all the vicissitudes of her life, first as the loving wife of the noble-minded and wise judge, who was repeatedly Member of Parliament and holder of high offices as well as conspicuous amongst the leaders of the north country, and, after his death, through a long widowhood ; then afterwards for twenty years as the wife of one of the most remarkable men of his or any period, George Fox, whose vision, call and labours, as well as sufferings, she shared ; and last of all her second widowhood of twelve years, in which she was the wise counsellor of many, is full to overflowing with deeds of heroism and the true greatness of a noble woman heart, which was in some respects too broad in its outlook, great in its sympathies, and devoted in its actions, to be entirely understood by lesser minds and more materialistic spirits. She was a charming and lovable girl, independent and of an executive spirit, whom her father John Askew, a gentleman who inherited a good estate, had brought up according to her rank at Marsh Grange, Furness. She was married to Thomas Fell of Swarthmoor Hall, who was sixteen years her senior, before she was eighteen years of age. One who loved goodness in her heart

and sought it as best she knew, although she became the mother of nine children during the twenty-six years of happy married life with her first husband, she did not, as too frequently happens, become submerged by the cares and the responsibilities of her large family, nor did she sacrifice her personality and originality or allow them to be overshadowed by convention, prejudice or habit. She retained the spirit and raciness of life that is the valuable heritage of those who embrace and enter into the more elevated aspects of wifehood and motherhood ; and was one who could and did dare great things, but was exercised in these so wisely and well that her home attained well-merited fame throughout the nation and beyond.

At the time of which the foregoing scene tells, her first husband, Judge Fell, had been dead five years ; and six years more were to elapse, much of which she spent in prison herself, or visiting other Friends who were in imprisonment throughout the nation, before she was married to George Fox.

X

'Tis strange that now a mighty western land
 Of freedom, speaking our own mother tongue,
 Lest it should ever egotistic seem,
 Or the appearance have of boastfulness,
 With care eschews use of the pronoun I.
 Yet Fox, whom no one charged as egoist,
 Nor that he ever boastful could be called,
 Indeed, known for his great humility,
 Has it in writings scattered everywhere,
 Made of it free full use, nor I contemned.
 Truth and correctness ever were to him
 More than all seeming and pretence ;
 And leaving out a letter nothing does
 To make the spirit humble, or forget
 Itself so fully that it be of use
 With all it has, or is, or hopes to be.

How shall the might of Prophet Fox be told,
 Or measure taken of his influence still ?
 Oft only great minds see sublimity
 And naked grandeur of a whole-souled man,
 And nearness know to power, unlimited
 By any common bounds of man's device ;
 And nearness, too, of God, as senses show
 God likeness grace, held in humility.

He no man's goods e'er sought, nor praise of men,
 Vanity in him no place of lodgment found ;
 Treated with contumely, he majestic stood ;
 Nor could pride, envy, or vanity of men
 E'er make him foolish seem, whose soul was set
 To love of God unutterable, love of men
 That meant more than soft phrases, noble deeds
 And daring that shrank not to lead them forth
 Where few had passed before, these more to death
 Than world acceptance in time that had passed.
 No fear of man was his, whose searching eyes
 Saw through the hollowness of their pretence
 Who would be holy thought, but pled for sin :

With singleness of mind his to follow truth,
 Nor shrink its declaration to the world,
 Nor mingled speculation, where twas plain
 It showed not mind and will of the Most High.

Who e'er endurance had like unto his ?
 The hands of persecution laid, prisons oft,
 Were not unlike the great Apostle had ;
 Yet greater than all pains 'his body bore
 Those that were met within, o'ercome by love,
 Amazing past description, like his Lord's.
 O man of love and courage, yours to show
 In your own body humbler souls the way,
 To send throughout all lands life-giving seed
 With germinating power to fill the earth.

The honour of intrinsic worth he held,
 But artificial honours of the world,
 Selfishness, pride, preferment, arrogance,
 Were not in him ; transparent singleness
 Of inward heart and mind, which e'er were his,
 Made these appear exceeding foolish, vain ;
 As oft they truly are, no one deceiving
 As to their little value like to those
 The holders of them, who lose even more,
 The value of instruction true worth gives.

Before he found life consolations sure,
 Troubles were lost in deeper truth :
 These deeper understandings gave and showed
 The nature and extent of human need,
 And how the apprehended human ills,
 Perplexities and distress in solitude
 Grow to o'erpowering proportions, and assume
 Weird and threatening shapes to the fearful soul
 Obscuring to it the true inward light.
 Unto the search of the receptive spirit,
 Comes knowledge that it goes not forth to walk alone,
 To be led on through ways untrodden yet
 But by feet even of life pioneers ;
 And that the new thing which it now perceives

Is even part of one mysterious whole,
The work, the will on earth, of the Most High.

When He finished the work He had to do,
Who came Redeemer and Saviour of men,
Few were they and scattered who remained.
And they, too, fearful and disconsolate :
Yet mightiest kingdom ever founded His,
His supreme glory e'en for unborn life
Within all nations and all tribes of men.

When darkened eras had obscured His light
And He had raised again men seeking truth,
And by faith closely following Him therein,
None were then found more true revealing Him
Than Fox, whose message yet shall change the world
From self-destruction, darkness, and from fear,
As slowly, surely, in all lands, there stirs
The quickening and life giving of Christ's peace.

Short was the respite after Holker Hall,
Seclusion, and the rest of loved Swarthmoor.
Though ever sweet the knowledge of love won,
And e'en more blessed when in will of God,
Swiftly came again the sessions at Lancaster,
Where Fox appearing, he was lodged in jail,
Finding many Friends were then prisoners there,
Of whom one died therein ; and Margaret Fell
Soon afterwards was there imprisoned too.

At the Assizes, when George Fox was called,
He pointed out so many glaring errors
In his indictment that it was quashed :
But then the unjust judge tendered the oath,
That he might thus ensnare and imprison him,
Knowing full well that he would not swear.
Into the foulness of the jail Fox was thrust
And thereby had his health once more impaired.
In prison kept until the next Assizes
There were more errors in his indictment :

Untried, he was hurried back to prison,
And sentence passed upon him in his absence.

Later from Lancaster, place of many trials,
George Fox was carried to Scarborough Castle,
Where sufferings sore and many awaited him.
High o'er the cliffs that front the bleak east coast,
Exposed and open to the wind and rain,
From damp, frost and cold in his fireless room
His limbs grew stiff, his health gave way.
At last against wrongful imprisonment
On his making appeal unto the King
He was then at length set at liberty.

Next day 'tis noted, that which he had seen
When in his chamber ' his eye to the Lord,'
The great fire of London, following Black death,
Broke forth with purging and destroying sweep ;
In judgment, he felt, for fierce persecution
Many thousands had most grievously suffered
For obedience to truth and a good conscience.

Friends were now increased : George Fox was concerned
For settling their good order and discipline.
Then were established, under name ' monthly meetings,'
Gatherings most democratic of any people,
Open to all Friends, all equal therein,
For fellowship, care, the help of members,
And conducting the business of the Society :
Schools and education had their attention,
And unique marriage rules too now were made.

Then followed a visit, in company with Friends,
Of George Fox to Ireland, where, as result
Of the labours of Williamson and others,
Many had been convinced and had joined Friends.

This service completed, George Fox now saw
Clearness and opening, as if from the Lord,
That now might proceed the prospect long held
Of taking in marriage his friend Margaret Fell.

O world blessedness, e'er meant by heaven
 For joy and help of the whole human race,
 Most wondrous, and like the Spirit's inspeaking,
 When truth and pure love give prompting thereto ;
 When, in the sense of high reverence, the union
 Is looked to as giving to each highest good,
 And the mystery revealed, that this heart opening
 Gives new life and joy undreamed of before.
 How subduing the power, potent the presence,
 When from on high, deep within plighted souls,
 The secret is known that the fresh kindled fire
 Of true love, not self, 'tis that all controls :
 Yet ever stronger in life's higher purpose
 To live unto each as those God would join,
 With patience each bearing their part, e'er being
 Prepared for His will, while He life prolongs.

Thus after his landing, returned from Ireland,
 More meetings awaited, as his party passed
 Southward and westward on through Gloucestershire,
 Of which thus George Fox in his own Journal wrote :—

' We travelled till we came to Bristol ; where I met with Margaret Fell, who was come to visit her daughter Yoemans.

I had seen from the Lord a considerable time before, that I should take Margaret Fell to be my wife. And when I first mentioned it to her, she felt the answer of Life from God thereunto. But though the Lord had opened this thing to me, yet I had not received a command from the Lord, for the accomplishing of it then. Wherefore I let the thing rest, and went on in the work and service of the Lord as before, according as he led me ; travelling up and down in this nation and through Ireland. But now being at Bristol, and finding Margaret Fell there, it opened in me from the Lord that the thing should be accomplished. After we had discoursed the matter together, I told her, if " she also was satisfied with the accomplishing of it now, she should first send for her children ; " which she did. When the rest of her daughters were come, I asked both them and her sons-in-law, " if they had anything against it, or for it ; " and they all severally expressed their satisfaction therein. Then I asked Margaret,

“if she had fulfilled and performed her husband’s will to her children.” She replied, “the children knew that.” Whereupon I asked them, “whether, if their mother married, they should not lose by it?” And I asked Margaret, “whether she had done anything in lieu of it, which might answer it to the children?” The children said, “she had answered it to them, and desired me to speak no more of it.” I told them, “I was plain, and would have all things done plainly; for I sought not any outward advantage to myself.” So after I had thus acquainted the children with it, our intention of marriage was laid before Friends, both privately and publicly, to their full satisfaction, many of whom gave testimony thereunto that it was of God. Afterwards, a meeting being appointed for the accomplishing thereof, in the meeting-house at Broad-Mead in Bristol, we took each other, the Lord joining us together in the honourable marriage, in the everlasting covenant and immortal Seed of life. In the sense whereof, living and weighty testimonies were borne thereunto by Friends; in the movings of the heavenly power which united us together. Then was a certificate relating both to the proceedings and the marriage, openly read, and signed by the relations, and by most of the ancient Friends of that city, besides many others from divers parts of the nation.*

We stayed about a week in Bristol, and then went together to Olveston; where taking leave of each other in the Lord, we parted, betaking ourselves to our several services, Margaret returning homewards to the north, and I passing on in the work of the Lord, as before. I travelled through Wiltshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, and Buckinghamshire, and so to London, visiting Friends; in all which countries I had many large and precious meetings.

I stayed not long in London; but having visited Friends, and finding things there quiet and well, the Lord’s power being over all, I passed into Essex, and Hertfordshire, where I had many precious meetings. Intending to go as far as Leicestershire, I wrote a letter to my wife, before I left London, to acquaint her therewith, that if she found it convenient to her she might meet me there. From Hertfordshire I turned into Cambridgeshire, thence into Huntingdonshire, and so into Leicestershire; where, instead of meeting with my wife, I

* Note 5, page 112.

heard she was haled out of her house to Lancaster prison again, by an order obtained from the King and council, to fetch her back to prison upon the old premunire; though she had been discharged from that imprisonment by their order the year before. Wherefore, having visited Friends as far as Leicestershire, I returned by Derbyshire into Warwickshire, and so to London, having had many large and blessed meetings in the several counties I had passed through, and been sweetly refreshed amongst Friends in my travels.

As soon as I reached London, I hastened Mary Lower and Sarah Fell (two of my wife's daughters) to the King, to acquaint him how their mother was dealt with, and see if they could obtain a full discharge for her, that she might enjoy her estate and liberty without molestation. This was somewhat difficult, but by diligent attendance, they at length obtained it; the King giving command to Sir John Otway, to signify his pleasure therein by letter to the Sheriff, and others concerned therein in the country. Which letter Sarah Fell going down with her brother and sister Rous, carried with her to Lancaster.

The "Conventicle Act" so called, first passed in 1664, was renewed at the above time (1670), with increased rigour. The penalties were £5, or three months to the house of correction, for the first offence of attending a conventicle, if above sixteen years of age; £10, or six months, for the second; transportation for seven years for the third, with sequestration of estate, or distraint for the charges; and five years Slavery in the Colonies, by contract between the Sheriff and a purchaser, on being sent abroad, in defect of property to distraint upon; or out of which to pay £100 as a liberating fine. This fine to be repeated, and £100 added as oft as he should offend afterwards, or transportation, etc. (with death for returning) and the forfeiture of his life-interest in his estate.

Conventicles to be broken up by an armed force, under the direction of lieutenants of counties, sheriffs, etc. Even a *femme covert* could not escape; but must be redeemed by her husband, at the price of £40; or go to prison, or be transported with him. Nor could a peer of the realm: he must be fined £10 for the first offence, £20 for the second, and for the third, be tried by his peers. The fines to be levied by distress, by warrant of any two justices, or a chief magistrate.

The force of this Act was directed against the Quakers, by inserting, in the latter part of it, three sections, which brought their refusal to take an oath under its full penalties ; and they suffered dreadfully through it ! In the streets, or where they met to assert their religious rights, they were dragooned ; in court they had oaths tendered, and were convicted under this Act upon their refusal.

“ This Act,” says Besse, “ was forthwith put into a rigorous execution, and many hungry informers (for the sake of their third of the penalties) made it their business to live upon the spoil and ruin of conscientious people.” Friends were great sufferers.’

Now were enacted some of those crucial events which stand out in the legal history of our land, as victorious re-assertions of the truth and righteousness of the fundamental basis upon which the great body of our law is established ; notwithstanding all the enactments that the craft, subtlety, and inhumanity, which proud and evil disposed religious professors and others were able to make the instruments of unparalleled persecution and injustice ; and these not against known wrong, but against people known to be absolutely innocent of the charges made against them. The presence of men of invincible integrity, such as Fox, the great leader, and large numbers of other Friends, who stood firm in their own localities, and of William Penn, William Mead and others, conspicuous in one of the most famous trials, the Bushell’s case at the Old Bailey—where the names of the dauntless Jury and their Foreman, Edward Bushell, might well be inscribed in gold—gave to these events a character, a glory and a beneficence of heroism, courage, fortitude and devotion, that, without these personal elements and characteristics, might have been lost to posterity ; although some of the almost unthinkable cruelties suffered might have made the perpetrators of them forever noted for their infamy and ruthlessness.

The whole land watched to see how Friends would fare, under this new Conventicle Act. They were not disappointed. They saw them standing firm in their loyalty to truth, although great numbers were haled to prison, meetings summarily broken up and meeting-houses pulled down. Upon the ruins or the sites they continued their worship of God.

The almost miraculous endurance of the body of George Fox, which had raised him above so many terrible imprisonments, now began to give indications of its physical limitations. He became so weak that he was unable to travel, and was even reported to have died ; but this time of laying aside became the preparation for further and distant service, in Barbadoes, Jamaica and North America. Although prostrated by illness and weakness in Barbadoes, and prevented travelling, the Friends who came with him were active in their labours ; and his stay of three months in Barbadoes was fruitful in much blessing and help to the Friends and others there. George Fox was kindly received by the Governors both in Barbadoes and Jamaica. When seven weeks of service in the latter were completed, with his friends he embarked for Maryland, the passage occupying between six and seven weeks. After fifteen months of travel in the American colonies he arrived in England, landing at Bristol, where shortly after he was joined by his wife, who travelled from the north with two of her daughters, and her son-in-law Thomas Lower. They were also joined at Bristol by another son-in-law, John Rous, by William Penn and his wife Gulielma, and by Gerard Roberts from London. They had memorable meetings on their way to the metropolis. In Wiltshire opposition was raised to Women's meetings ; but the establishment and settlement of them was successfully carried through, by the ever wise counsel of this great founder and organizer of what proved to be the most remarkable re-emenation of the spirit of the primitive Christian Church that history discloses.

XI

SCENE

At the Cottage home of William and Gulielma Penn, Rickmansworth, Buckinghamshire, now part of what is known as Basing House, where William Penn first settled with his bride after their marriage at Kings Farm, Chalfont. George Fox and his wife, with her daughter Rachel Fell, and her son-in-law Thomas Lower, who had joined them the day after arrival at Rickmansworth, were tarrying on their journey to the north, whence Thomas Lower was to get his wife Susan (Fell) and child, and all were to return together to London. Gulielma Penn and Margaret Fox in conversation in the large living room.

GULIELMA

It is indeed precious, and of the Lord,
That thou and thy dear husband now visit us ;
For we have longed and spoken oft of it,
With great desire and tender love toward you,
Wish for conference on spread of the truth,
George's mighty work for Friends in London,
Throughout the shires and in America.
Our hearts have journeyed with him in great joy,
And travailed with him in his sufferings,
Concerned that therein we too take our share.

MARGARET

Dear Guli, seeing thee in thy new home,
With thy noble-minded husband happy here,
Has brought again to mind my girlhood days,
Youth's sweet and swiftly fleeting radiant years
That I knew as a bride of seventeen,
Eager, expectant ; with dear children blest ;
And yet with quenchless thirst, known deep within,
That outward satisfactions ne'er could fill.
I strove to do my part, my husband his
Throughout his circuit seeing justice done ;
And midst his children with firm, wise control
Setting example of paternal love.
Then I lost him from my side, and grief knew,
But, in the tender love of God, not before
I had been shown companionship of Him,
The Light within, Whom Thomas loved and held ;

Although beyond his sphere, upholding law,
 Not given to much expression, nor display ;
 And loving most in quiet, when Friends spoke,
 To listen from his room through opened door.
 How dear that Swarthmoor home, what hallowed hours
 Within its precincts, and how many Friends
 Have gathered there in meetings and for rest ;
 Though there the hand of persecution fell,
 And grievous loss we suffered, many share,
 Our meetings broken into, imprisonment for truth,
 And separations long from those most loved.
 How sweet 'twould be, dear Guli, if thy way
 And William's were directed to the north,
 That you together there might visit us
 And bring amongst us messages of love.
 Wonderful that one I saw in vision
 Long years ago as coming in the truth,
 Shaking and confounding those without life,
 To-day should be my husband, sharing all
 The travail of my spirit and my love,
 Grown ever deeper, stronger in the Lord.

[Enter William Penn accompanied by George Fox]

MARGARET (continuing)

Dear husband, we were now speaking of thee
 And times of thy first coming to Swarthmoor,
 Where thy patience in thy sufferings then
 Impressed our hearts, revealing thy great strength
 For God, and for the spreading of the truth.
 How many a disciple since has learned
 There is no other way, as dear William found
 Within the Tower, than taking up the cross,
 So well expressed in his great writing there,
 And to him shown by words of Thomas Loe.

GEORGE FOX

Dear Heart, in the power that has kept us
 We must abide, and therein springs of joy
 Are found sufficient unto every need :
 And these fail not for Guli here at home,

Nor William in his service for truth's sake,
His calls to labour and for Friends' release.
Yet wider prospects still there are for him,
In planning for the openings o'er the seas,
Using all the gifts and talents given him
In dedication to the Lord and truth ;
Ever the fountain of life refreshment
And eternal strength to serve ; satisfied
In the holy element and holy work
In the Lord, praise to His name for ever.

WILLIAM PENN

Beloved friends, here, in this quiet home,
Which we have felt the Lord's preparing ground,
To learn and share first our mutual love,
Not for mere ease, nor vain self indulgence,
And to know rest in God, to learn His will
For our united life we give to Him.
In the sweet fellowship we now enjoy,
Rejoicing in your love and visit here,
How trivial seem the modes, ways we once used,
Ere coming to the Light and depths of life,
Unsearchable, forever fresh and full,
Nor palling to the spirit as world ways.
How soon clearness may come to forward go
With the experiment, that seems of God,
I apprehend not, and would wait His time
Knowing full well that He will clearly show,
As in the past His way has been revealed.
Here we would minister all comfort known,
All cheer and all our dear love's confidence,
That you each understand, nor fear as some
We e'er should lightly hold the need of Friends.
It may be that the utmost we can do
To strengthen thee, dear George, is now to tell
Somewhat of labours that now seem at hand,
And that to these we dedicate our strength.
Thou knowest how many feel way must be found,
And long for freedom from all legal snares,
Where they may worship God in quietness,
Nor know perpetual fear from wrath of men.

Across the sea, with dangers of its own,
 These, eager for deliverance, fear such not ;
 And it is much upon me to embrace
 This call, although the time does not seem yet.

MARGARET

Wait for the clearness, William, to be shown,
 E'en though it tarry long, wait thou for it ;
 So much lies at our hands, so great the task,
 The labourers so few for harvests ripe.

GULI

My present judgment joins with thine, and feels
 The dread of separation more than words
 Can utter ; yet I cannot him withhold
 From service, wheresoever it may be,
 Since I was kept for him from all the world,
 To wife and helpmeet be in all his need,
 As well as in the joy that fills our hearts.
 Dear Margaret, we each, too, have our part
 Upholding these our husbands ; and if mine
 Be with the babes and in the home, yet love
 No boundary knows, nor limit to its power ;
 And we can strengthen them, as they will us
 By brave unfailing strength of God-given love.
 Meetings are being settled here-away,
 Confidence is growing, though some still fear
 Openly to show themselves, lest they lose
 Some worldly gain, not yet convinced, if reached ;
 And William's gifts give confidence to these
 To deeper seek and find what answers all.

[Enter Thomas Lower and Rachel Fell]

RACHEL

Mother we have visited the Chalfonts to-day
 And seen where Guli in her girlhood lived.
 It was a ride of fragrant memories :
 First descending the long hill, St Peter's way,
 We crossed the stream and turning eastward found
 On the right Gulielma's early home.

The Grange, so full of awakening thoughts,
Where her dear mother, Mary Pennington,
Found fuller revelation of the truth,
The heavenly light within ; a secret shown
To all who look for Christ, where He is found.

We went up past the house along the hill
And turning westward, winding to the south,
Down a steep hill we found the Jordan's vale.
There we tarried resting, and saw hard by
The home of William Russell, where Friends
Have gathered in their meetings ; or in the barn
Built with ship timbers of the old ' Mayflower.'
This interested Thomas, and we stayed
So long, our visit to Bottrells was short.
Then to where Milton wrote his two great poems,
When, during the plague, at Chalfont St Giles,
He converse had with Friend Thomas Ellwood.

THOMAS LOWER

The people seemed to know that we were Friends,
And kindly greetings gave us as we passed.
It will be pleasant to remember oft
That we have seen, not only Guli's homes,
But also where she and William often met,
And where they worship now with other Friends,
As well as King's farm, where they were married.

[After visiting neighbouring families, the party passed on to Aylesbury and into Oxfordshire, where several new meetings were set up. Thence they travelled into Worcestershire to the home of John Halford, Armscott Manor, about ten miles from Stratford-on-Avon. In the Tudor barn of the mansion, George Fox writes, they ' had a very large and precious meeting and the Lord's power and presence was amongst us.' George Fox had purposed from thence turning aside into Leicestershire to see his aged mother who was ill, while the remainder of the party went on northward into Lancashire, purposing to join them on their return. At Armscott Manor, by a justice named Henry Parker who proved one of the most

persistent of his persecutors, George Fox and Thomas Lower were now arrested ; the latter being released after about seven weeks, but George Fox himself remaining a prisoner for a year and two months, being repeatedly taken to London and back to Worcester Jail, until it had well-nigh ended his life, he, after a sickness in prison, becoming so exceedingly weak. On the way, as this journey northward began, he had premonitions of this imprisonment, although he had not intimated these to any. To his wife (who had to proceed northward without him, while his mother, hearing of his imprisonment, was so affected that she died) he wrote :—‘ When I was at John Rous’s at Kingston I had a sight of my being taken prisoner, and when I was at Bray Doily’s in Oxfordshire, as I sat at supper, I saw I was taken ; and I saw I had a suffering to undergo. But the Lord’s power is over all.’

Great indeed was this man’s faith ; and almost without parallel the greatness of the need of it, and the almost unceasing assaults of his persecutors.

Efforts of every kind were made for his release by his wife and others. The King’s pardon which was offered he refused, as he had done no wrong. At last, being finally brought to London where he chose to have the validity of his indictment tried before the judges (it being full of errors) he was brought before the four judges of the King’s Bench, when Counsellor Corbet pleaded his cause. He started a new plea.

COUNSELLOR CORBET

I submit that according to the law
It is not competent Fox be imprisoned ;
It is beyond your power, under the law,
To imprison any man on a premunire.

CHIEF JUSTICE HALE

Mr Corbet, you should have come here sooner,
Even at the term’s beginning, with this plea.

COUNSELLOR CORBET

We could get no copy of the return
Nor earlier any of the indictment.

CHIEF JUSTICE HALE

You should have told us this and then we would
Have forced them to make a return sooner.

JUDGE WILD

Mr Corbet, you go upon general terms ;
If it be as you say, we have committed
Many errors ourselves at the Old Bailey,
And many also in various other courts.

MR CORBET

With respect I nevertheless submit,
Assured my reading of the law correct,
And certain that by law you are debarred
And cannot imprison upon a premunire.

JUDGE WILD

There is summons mentioned in the statute.

MR CORBET

Yes, but summons is not imprisonment ;
For summons is in order to a trial.

JUDGE WILD

Well, we must have time to look in our books,
As well as time to consult the statutes.

[The hearing was adjourned till the next day, when, writes George Fox, ' they chose rather to let this plea fall, and begin with the errors of the indictment ; and when they came to be opened, they were so many and gross, that the judges were all of opinion that " the indictment was quashed and void, and that I ought to have my liberty." ' There were that day several great men, lords and others, who had the oath of allegiance and supremacy tendered to them in open court, just before my trial came on ; and some of my adversaries moved the judges, that the oaths might be tendered again to me, telling them " I was a dangerous man to be at liberty." ' But Judge Hale said, " he had indeed heard

some such reports, but he had also heard many more good reports of me"; and so he and the rest of the judges ordered me to be freed by proclamation. Thus after I had suffered imprisonment a year and almost two months for nothing, I was fairly set at liberty upon a trial of the errors in my indictment, without receiving any pardon, or coming under any obligation or engagement at all; and the Lord's everlasting power went over all.

Counsellar Corbet, who pleaded for me, obtained great fame by it, for many of the lawyers came to him, and told him he had brought that to light which had not been known before, as to the not imprisoning upon a premunire; and after the trial a judge said to him, "You have attained a great deal of honour by pleading George Fox's cause so in court." This long imprisonment was not idle time for this great preacher of righteousness; for notwithstanding his illness and want of health, he produced for the press during this period some eight books; besides papers and epistles to Friends.

XII

THE second home of William and Gulielma Penn was Worminghurst, about five miles from the old village of Steyning. It is doubtful whether there are any portions of the mansion remaining, unless in the kitchen of the present substantial farm-house which stands on the site. But the original stabling and grooms' buildings, heavy timbered and thick walled, are still standing.

The situation of the mansion, inherited by the beautiful Gulielma, was a commanding one, on an elevation overlooking a widely extended view of the weald, and reaching to the South downs on the horizon, with one or two picturesque rounded hills between.

It was to this home, whither he and his wife had recently removed, that, seven years later than the time of the present scene, William Penn hastened and was welcomed by Gulielma on the return voyage of his first visit to America, when he was landed from the vessel on the Sussex coast about seven miles from his home. The time of the scene hereafter described was the year 1677. George Fox was then nearly fifty-three and William Penn thirty-three years of age. The close friendship and mutual understanding of these two great souls—brought from differing surroundings into a common religious experience, passing through the most severely refining endurance of persecutions, and entering into the blessedness of life truly surrendered and dedicated to the glory of God and the true welfare of men—was now to have one of the all too rare and brief respites from the incessant pressure of large public services, and from the physically exhausting though spiritually uplifting influence of religious meetings, in which almost invariably deep concern and exercise of spirit was to each of them their portion and experience.

Of their journey together to William Penn's home after the Yearly Meeting—the great legislative assembly of Friends—George Fox wrote:—‘I came to London on the 23rd of the third month, ten or twelve days before the Yearly Meeting, in which time I fell in with Friends there in the service of truth, visiting them at the meetings. The parliament then sitting, we prepared something to lay before them, concerning the seizing of the third part of Friends' estates, as Popish

recusants, which was a great suffering, and a grievance we complained of ; but we obtained no redress.

To the Yearly Meeting many Friends came from most parts of the nation ; and some out of Scotland, Holland, &c., and very glorious meetings we had, wherein the Lord's powerful presence was very largely felt ; and the affairs of truth were sweetly carried on in the unity of the Spirit, to the satisfaction and comfort of the upright-hearted ; blessed be the Lord forever ! After the Yearly Meeting, having stayed a week or two with Friends in London, I went down with William Penn to his house in Sussex ; John Burnyeat and some other Friends being with us. As we passed through Surrey, hearing the quarterly meeting was that day, William Penn, John Burnyeat, and I went from the road to it ; and after the meeting returning to our company, went with them to William Penn's that night ; which is forty miles from London. I stayed at Worminghurst about three weeks ; in which time John Burnyeat and I answered a very envious and wicked book, which Roger Williams, a priest of New England (or some colony thereabouts) had written against truth and Friends. When we had finished that service, we went with Stephen Smith to his house at Worplesdon in Surrey, where we had a large meeting. Friends thereaway had been exceedingly plundered about two months before on the priest's account ; for they took from Stephen Smith five kine (being all he had) for about fifty shillings tithes.

Thence we went to Kingston, and so to London, where I stayed not long ; for it was upon me from the Lord to go into Holland, to visit Friends and to preach the gospel there, and in some parts of Germany.'

When the writer visited Worminghurst the approach was through the midst of a luxuriant field of wheat, the unfenced roadway, with the tall growth close up on either side, cutting through the centre of the field. There were the stables, with men's sleeping quarters over them, in which possibly the horses of the travellers, George Fox and his companions, were stabled and fed during this memorable visit of three weeks above referred to. The details of it are meagre, but the keen interest of all there gathered can perhaps be imagined. Immediately in prospect was the literary work already named, which, if it brought the criticism that it showed the capacity

of early Friends for the exercise of obloquy, and was not couched in terms that would be used to-day, was indicative of the controversial atmosphere and language of the time.

Then there was the interest of the religious visit about to be paid to Holland, in which a number of them were to share ; and, greater than all, looming up before the young Quaker Statesman, and, in measure shared by all, was the interest of the large adventure of the colonising in the new world the Province of Pennsylvania ; the charter for which was some six years later to be placed in the hands of William Penn by his sovereign, King Charles II.

SCENE

The large living room of the Worminghurst mansion, where familiar guests were made to feel a welcome corresponding to the large-heartedness of William and Gulielma Penn, which justified their feeling that the Lord had prepared and kept them for one another, that they together might serve Him and their own and succeeding generations.

GULIELMA

We are to-day favoured, dear Friends, that you
All come to see us in our new found home.
But now returned from meeting through the lanes
Which wind along, up hill and down, by banks
In bloom with early flowers, which the oxen browsed
As they drew us in the cart thither and back,
We felt the sense of Presence following still
Which had been with us in the meeting-house.
How wonderful it is at times to feel
As if we knew dear friends were drawing near,
Knowing communion of their love and trust,
Sharing with them oneness, as the Saviour said.

WILLIAM PENN

Sweet wife may I, too, join with thee herein
In giving heartfelt welcome to our friends ;
Glad are we that they come so far to stay
And rest and converse in this quiet spot.

GEORGE FOX

Peace be within your dwelling ; peace your portion
Each, dear friends ; peace in your children's hearts.

It lives and grows throughout the land, though torn
And rent by persecution's cruel teeth.
Peace there shall be implanted o'er the sea
For thither, William, shalt thou yet be led.

JOHN BURNYEAT

Yea, I too can witness bear that there lies
A refuge and a rest beyond the sea ;
Albeit there are hardships to be borne,
Privations and stern struggles clearing lands ;
Yet these but nerve the soul stronger to grow,
And healthful happiness and joy promote
Where there is freedom given for the truth,
And even Indian tribes meet faith with faith.

WILLIAM PENN

The prospect is a large one, needing more
Than human wisdom, even heavenly aid,
If in its planning it shall compass all
I have in apprehension hitherto
Been led to see, and in desire hope
Might be accomplished, for the good of all
Who find no refuge here from cruel wrong.
A way has seemed to open to my mind,
And be made clear to Guli's heart and mine,
That gives great promise of success in time,
Though sacrifices many there may be,
And cost in treasure, time, and absence more.

GEORGE FOX

It may be William thou shalt yet again
Have testing of the lesson early learned,
And since repeated oft in thy own life :
No cross no crown, even as thy writing told.
I with thee see a highway may be made
Wherein without disturbance they may walk
Who worship not in their own wills, but live
To walk in light as He is in the light,
Who in Himself left pattern for our life.

WILLIAM PENN

Dear George, how much I owed thee then and now :
Deliverance from old false security
Of self will that would ever rampant grow,
Again and yet again assert its power,
And deluge worlds with human blood,
Maintaining overpowering influence ;
Then, find all its conquests futile have been,
While nations and a world thereafter strive
Vainly to undo hurt and damage done.
A kind of courage I knew in my youth,
Courage of which they speak and write to-day,
Courage of pride, of self-sufficiency,
That which I saw and practised ere we met
When, foolish, I thought honour was not safe
Unless I could defend it with my sword,
Nor then knew the true source of honour found
In self-surrender's faith in the Most High.
Yea, it was blessed, and the thrill of trust,
Which, midst all mistakes and failures past,
Became abiding peace and holy joy
In this sweet confidence, walking in light
Where He who is the Light communion gives,
Abides and will forever with me still,
Confirmed and vindicated by the years
That since have passed and have their witness given :
Yet still it waits the world's acknowledgment.

GEORGE FOX

William, how can it be otherwise
Since of the persecuted seed of life,
We gathered but a score of years ago,
Now a multitude and in many lands
Compared with those first publishers of truth,
Some e'en already turn unto the world,
And are o'erwhelmed again beneath its wiles.
Those first indeed were troubled on all sides,
And prisons, persecutions, death, oft theirs,
Victorious yet in spirit and in faith,
They grew in knowledge of the light and life
They only learn who stand fast in the truth.

Grievous indeed the causes many find
Which snare their feet from walking in the way,
Or turn them to outward conformity
Of a shallow self-willed simplicity,
Sprung not from the heart, but, a fruit of pride,
Nor showing forth the humble contrite heart.

WILLIAM PENN

Enlargement there will be, but they who seek
The new wine truth to hold in old world skins
Find e'en loss and disaster for their pains.
With thee, dear George, I see disquieting
That may arise within our own household :
Yet He felt not this less, but ever more,
Who gave the great evangel forth, and died
That we, and all men everywhere, might live.
Already there is foretaste of His Cross
In leaving home so soon to cross the sea,
And in the prospect, ever greater grown,
Of later in the new world spreading truth,
And finding even there conflicts and care.
Acutely, and increasing with each year,
I feel the leaving Guli here alone,
With care of our dear children God has given ;
For though her courage and her heart fail not,
Her spirit e'er is greater than her strength ;
And inward grief for our lost babes has worn
Its way far deeper than she e'er will own.
The great world lies before us : we must give
Our all into His Hands Who it upholds ;
We may not measure with our minds or words
The limits whither or whereto will grow
The good seed of the Kingdom ; and the call
Thy life of dedication gives, has drawn
Into its service countless tender souls
Whose fruit will yet be found in many lands,
But there, the supper waits, dear Guli says,
May we to its refreshment now give place.

XIII

OF his departure for and visit in Holland George Fox wrote :—

‘Setting things in order for my journey as fast as I could, I took leave of Friends at London; and with several other Friends went down to Colchester, in order to my passage for Holland. Next day, being First-day, I was at the public meeting of Friends there, which was very large and peaceable. In the evening I had another large one, but not so public, at John Furly’s home, where I lodged. The day following, I was at the Women’s Meeting there, which also was very large. Thence next day we passed to Harwich, where Robert Duncan, and several other Friends out of the country came to see us; and some from London came to us there, that intended to go over with me. The packet in which we were to go not being ready, we went to the meeting in the town, and a precious opportunity we had together; for the Lord, according to his wonted goodness, by his overcoming, refreshing power, opened many mouths to declare his everlasting truth, and to praise and glorify him.

After the meeting at Harwich we returned to John Vandewall’s, where I had lodged; and when the boat was ready, taking leave of Friends, we that were bound for Holland, went on board about nine in the evening, on the 25th of the 5th month, 1677. The Friends that went over with me, were William Penn, Robert Barclay, George Keith and his wife, John Furly and his brother, William Talcoat, George Watts, and Isabel Yeomans, one of my wife’s daughters. About one in the morning we weighed anchor, having a fair brisk wind, which by next morning brought us within sight of Holland.

But that day proving very clear and calm we got forward little, till about four in the afternoon, when a fresh gale arose, which carried us within a league of land. Then being becalmed again, we cast anchor for that night, it being between the hours of nine and ten in the evening: but William Penn and Robert Barclay, understanding that Benjamin Furly was come from Rotterdam to the Briel to meet us, got two of the boatmen to let down a small boat that belonged to the packet, and row them to shore; but before they could reach it the gates were shut; and there being no house without the gates, they lay in a fisherman’s boat all night. As soon as the gates

were opened in the morning, they went in and found Benjamin Furly, with other Friends of Rotterdam, that were come thither to receive us ; and they sent a boat, with three young men in it, that lived with Benjamin Furly, who brought us to the Briel, where the Friends received us with great gladness.'

This religious visit of the company of Friends, who were part of the time separated for the service to some sixty or more places in Holland and Germany, proved of much value in the convincement of individuals, the settlement of meetings, and the establishment of monthly and other meetings for discipline and the religious business of Friends. Amongst visits which found marked acceptance was one to the Princess Elizabeth, Princess of the Rhine, an exemplary, wise and beloved ruler of a small territory. She was the daughter of Frederick V., Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia, and grand-daughter of King James I. of England. The interest awakened by this visit to her was deep and lasting. This engagement on the continent had occupied about three months. Of the return journey George Fox wrote :—

' Finding our spirits clear of the service which the Lord had given us to do in Holland, we took leave of Friends of Rotterdam, and passed by boat to the Briel, in order to take passage that day for England ; several Friends of Rotterdam accompanying us, and some of Amsterdam, who were come to see us again before we left Holland. But the packet not coming in till night, we lodged that night at the Briel ; and next day being the 21st of the 8th month, and the First-day of the week, we went on board, and set sail about ten, viz., William Penn, George Keith, and I, and Gertrude Dirick Nieson, with her children. We were in all about sixty passengers, and had a long and hazardous passage ; for the winds were contrary, and the weather stormy ; the boat also was very leaky, in-somuch that we had to have two pumps continually going, day and night ; so that it was thought there was quite as much water pumped out as the vessel would have held. But the Lord, who is able to make the stormy winds to cease, and the raging waves of the sea calm, yea, to raise them and stop them at His pleasure, He alone did preserve us : praised be His name for ever ! Though our passage was hard, yet we had a fine time, and good service for truth on board among the passengers, some of whom were great folks, and were

very kind and loving. We arrived at Harwich on the 23rd, at night, having been two nights, and almost three days at sea. Next morning William Penn and George Keith took horse for Colchester; but I stayed, and had a meeting at Harwich; and there being no Colchester coach there, and the postmaster's wife being unreasonable in her demands for a coach, and deceiving us of it also after we had hired it, we went to a Friend's house about a mile and a half in the country, and hired his waggon which we bedded well with straw, and rode in it to Colchester.

I stayed there till First-day, having a desire to be at Friends' meeting that day; and a very large and weighty one it was; for Friends hearing of my return from Holland, flocked from several parts of the country, and many of the town's-people coming in also, it was thought there were about a thousand people at it; and all was peaceable. Having stayed a day or two longer at Colchester, I travelled through Essex, visiting Friends at Halstead, Braintree, Felstead, and Saling, and having meetings with them. At Chelmsford I had a meeting in the evening; and there being many Friends prisoners, they got liberty and came to the meeting; and we were all refreshed together in the Lord. Next day, the 9th of the 9th month, I got to London, where Friends received me with great joy; and on the First-day following went to Gracechurch Street meeting, where the Lord visited us with His refreshing presence, and the glory of the Lord surrounded the meeting; praised be the Lord.

After I had been a little while in London, I wrote the following letter to my wife :—

“ Dear Heart,

To whom is my love and to the children, and to all the rest of Friends, in the Lord's truth, power, and seed, that is over all; glory to the Lord, and blessed be His name for ever beyond all words! Who hath carried me through and over many trials and dangers, in His eternal power! I have been twice at Gracechurch Street meeting; and though the opposite spirits were there, yet all was quiet; the dew of heaven fell upon the people, and the glory of the Lord shone over all. Every day I am fain to be at meetings about business, and sufferings which are great abroad; and now many Friends

are concerned with many persons about them : so in haste, with my love to you all."

G. F.

LONDON, *the 24th of the 9th month, 1677.*

About this time I received letters from New England, which gave account of the magistrates' and rulers' cruel and unchristian-like proceedings against Friends there, whipping and abusing them very shamefully ; for they whipped many women Friends. One woman they tied to a cart, and dragged her along the street, stripped above the waist. They whipped some masters of ships that were not Friends, only for bringing Friends thither. And at that very time, while they were persecuting Friends in this barbarous manner, the Indians slew threescore of their men, took one of their captains, and flayed the skin off his head while he was alive, and carried it away in triumph ; so that the sober people said " the judgment of God came upon them, for persecuting the Quakers ; " but the blind dark priests said, " It was because they did not persecute them enough." Great exercise I had in seeking relief here for our poor suffering Friends there, that they might not lie under the rod of the wicked. Upon this and other services for truth, I stayed in London a month or five weeks, visiting meetings, and helping and encouraging Friends to labour for the deliverance of their suffering brethren in other parts.'

During the remainder of the year 1677 and the first half of the following year about eighty places were visited by George Fox in loving service for Friends and the spread of the truth. Then came the opportunity for another tarriance for a time at Swarthmoor, where only once before since his marriage had his gospel labours, and clearness therefrom and from imprisonment, permitted him to enjoy the rest and comfort of that home which was inexpressibly dear to him. The first visit was in the year 1675, and of it his wife wrote : ' When he was at liberty he recovered again ; and then I was very desirous to go home with him which we did. This was the first time that he came to Swarthmoor after we were married ; and he stayed here much of two years, and then went to London again to the Yearly Meeting.' His own account of this first home rest, nearly six years after his

marriage, is as follows :—‘ I stayed in and near London till the Yearly Meeting, to which Friends came from most parts of the nation, and some from beyond the sea. A glorious meeting we had in the everlasting power of God.

This meeting being over, and the parliament also risen (who had done nothing for or against Friends,) I was clear of my service for the Lord at London. And having taken my leave of Friends there, and had a glorious meeting with some of them at John Elson’s in the morning, I set forward with my wife and her daughter Susan, by coach (for I was not able to travel on horseback) towards the North : many Friends accompanying me as far as Highgate, and some to Dunstable, where we lodged that night. . . . After I had been a while at Swarthmoor, several Friends from divers parts of the nation came to visit me, and some out of Scotland ; by whom I understood that four young students of Aberdeen were convinced there this year at a dispute held there by Robert Barclay, and George Keith, with some of the scholars of that university. . . . The illness I got in my imprisonment at Worcester had so much weakened me, that it was long before I received my natural strength again. For which reason, and as many things lay upon me to write, both for public and private service, I did not stir much abroad during the time that I now stayed in the north ; but when Friends were not with me, spent much time in writing for truth’s service. While I was at Swarthmoor I gave several books to be printed.’

Three years after that first visit since his marriage George Fox was again at Swarthmoor. His wife had been able more frequently to visit him, although, as already noted, she too had suffered imprisonment.

SCENE

The great room at Swarthmoor Hall, in which George and Margaret Fox are seated, after Friends, who had been gathered at a meeting, had gone.

MARGARET FOX

Dear husband, what memories come with thee here
Beside me in this home of our dear love,
Where first I heard from thee the glorious truth
That quickened in my soul the new birth light,

And brought the inward peace I so long sought.
Sweet recollections stir, too, of the patient love
Dear Thomas gave me through those early years,
When youthful, and oft missing him, I sat
Amidst my babes while he on circuit went :
And questioned my own heart if I aright
Was leading them, who missed some father care :
But most of all I praise and bless the Lord,
That, in His tender love, He led thee here
Ere Thomas from my side was taken hence ;
That he too shared with me the holy joy
Of finding truth, and knowing life within
That satisfies and blesses as 'tis lived.
But O, dear husband, how for thee I've longed
As year has followed year, and labours claimed,
Rightly claimed thee when thou wast well and free ;
And I could only to thee journeys take
When free myself from prison, and home care :
Though loneliness has greater seemed than when,
Eleven years alone, since Thomas died,
I strove to guide my children as he would,
Until the gladness of our marriage day.

GEORGE FOX

Dear Heart, thy love has ever comfort been,
And often ere we married thou wast near,
In spirit with me, as I journeyed far
Across the sea, and, since, the ocean wide,
In pirate peril, and disease, and death.
But most of all in making known abroad
The living way, that joins in the unseen,
By stronger bonds and drawing cords of love,
Than any our own hearts can fashion here,
I have known thee with me, and felt thee near.
Now as we praise the Lord for all this past,
And here we hold each other's hands to-night,
Sweet is the rest and peace that lives within,
And fragrant, as the flowers about this home ;
Thy presence at my side inspires afresh
New strength and vigour in my soul for all
That is upon me to put forth for truth.

MARGARET FOX

Take not up care again too soon, beloved ;
Let me first cherish thee till thou art strong,
And then together, side by side, alone
Thy hand may write until thy mind is clear
Of every pressing burden and the care
They little comprehend who ne'er have felt
The inward pressure of a soul's concern
And wrestling 'gainst the evil in men's souls,
Dead in their trespasses and sins, who know
The powers of darkness, but will not see light.
Dear husband, many thou hast turned to truth,
And these a mighty host are leading more,
And truth shall prosper whilst thou takest rest.

GEORGE FOX

Since now I must not longer journey far,
Nor turn my face to meeting those I left
Still suffering from the persecutor's hand
In the dark city and the towns near by,
I feel it is upon me soon to send forth
A message that shall be as if I spake
With open face to these followers of Christ
In the great city, and gathered other where.
Yet thy sweet counsel, dear Margaret, I hold
In tenderness and trust, and will observe
Thy loving warnings until stronger grown.

MARGARET FOX

Precious it was to hear thy voice to-day
And catch the power thro' thy searching eye,
That at the first, so long ago, I saw
As if the Lord Himself had through thee looked
Into depths of my being, and my need.
And then He gave me power in the light
To walk, as I had never done before ;
And to understand, that of the creature shown ;
This to be of God and that which appeals
To all the deepest in our soul's desire,
As thou, dear George, hast to my heart appealed.

GEORGE FOX

Margaret thy tender love is passing sweet ;
And it is strange that idle minds should find fault
Even in the heavenly call that to us came
For truth's sake and Christ's cause to walk alone
In service for so long, in spirit joined :
And yet it is part of the price we pay
In sacrifice to Him, who gave us all.

MARGARET FOX

Yea, husband, and if thou hast heard these tales,
I more, who here for the Lord's work have lived,
Whilst thou for service far hast had thy call,
Missing home comforts touch, but knowing more
Than these, perchance, who make such tales can know,
Or understand, who fathom not heart depths
Of soul and heart communion in true love.

GEORGE FOX

We shall live o'er again those happy hours
We knew, as when from Holker Hall we passed
And the bright sunlight was like to our hearts,
And side by side we rode, nor prison bent,
But with our hearts uplifted, knowing love
That to us had been given for our joy
And His great praise, the giver of all good.

MARGARET FOX *

How quickly has the evening stillness come,
And, though not dark without, in these long days ;
Yet thine has been exacting even here.
And thou must let me guard thee, gain thee sleep,
Long, deep and restful, till thy strength returns.
Let us then even leave these precious hours
That thou mayst have the early night's repose.

* Note 6, page 112.

XIV

FOR a further twelve years the penetrating ministry of George Fox was to be exercised ; but the hardships, sufferings, and imprisonments, that would have killed many men, had left their marks upon even his clean, strong life.

He became increasingly unfitted for much travel or for enduring hardship, but his alert mind and great spirit that felt the 'care of the churches' were more concentrated on writings and the gathering of meetings in the Metropolis : and in the retrospect of the Lord's dealings and work, wrought through him and other Friends, there came an ever deepening tenderness and fulness of love like unto his who leaned of old upon the Saviour's breast.

If when the Apostle of love was in Patmos his soul was stirred to its depths and his sense of beauty quickened by the wonderful sun settings over the sea, and he was made aware of the Psalmist's sublime truth, 'the heavens declare the glory of God' ; thus it was frequently, no doubt, with George Fox in his journeyings in the Land's End country, near the extreme portion of which, at a fork in the roads, is a stone-walled Quaker graveyard, long disused and with no present opening to it ; thus too it may be still to one 'in the Spirit on the Lord's day' if, facing the wide western ocean, he stands on the heights of Tintagel, or the craggy peaks above the caves and inlet coves of Boscastle. To see the sun sink down in the lone winter season, when it crowns the Meachard island of rock with unimaginable glory, and then drops deeper and deeper until it is itself lost in the sea, is an experience never to be forgotten ; and the impressions are deepened if the setting sun sends upward the flaming radiance of fiery red across the sky mingled with matchless gold, while higher the pink and mauve colouring merge into the blue grey above ; and below, athwart the heavens, are long thin clouds, tinged until they are every conceivable shade of green, with the deep blue of the sea beneath. Then as the sun sinks from sight, and the shades of night steal over the scene, there come thoughts of death—death robbed of its terrors, death kind, as a mother hushing with lullaby her child.

It was on leaving such a scene that these lines were penned. Then up behind the rocky steeps, that are on every side of the

little hamlet, rose the full moon, thin-veiled or mist-shadowed, as if from the going down of the sun.

But to even the indomitable Quaker pioneer the recollections of this western land had also their terrible side; for here, in the nestling town of Launceston, had been perpetrated upon him the most revolting and inhuman treatment that the vilest of jailers could devise—too disgusting for description; and there he had long unjustly lain a prisoner, owing to the lying of an official accuser, and the failure of judges to administer justice.

Even at this date, reviewing these things, they become more difficult still to contemplate without a burning shame, deepened when it is known that these horrible and atrocious practices and imprisonments (enacted in the hope that to the prisoner's death in prison would ensue), were the result of instigations and acts of religious professors; and were done in the supposed interests of religion, although, without exception, against every precept of Christianity. While not infrequently noting in his Journal how those who exceeded in their wilful wickedness were suddenly 'cut off,' in no instance do we find in George Fox the vindictive, retaliating or reprisals spirit; and the new evangel of love to all mankind, which he preached, was a gospel even more effectively lived by this re-publisher and promoter of a new world order.

The 'strong man,' George Fox, had now run his race: he had proved 'the law of the Lord perfect, converting the soul . . . the statutes of the Lord right, rejoicing the heart . . . the fear of the Lord clean, enduring for ever . . . the judgments of the Lord true and righteous altogether.' If in his own soul there was no shadow, as he apprehended the end drawing nigh; if he could truly feel that he was clear, and that he had finished the work that was given him to do, yet the sense of the sufferings Friends still had to bear were present to him and found expression to those about him; and his constant tender love to all those who had been gathered into the wonderful fellowship he shared with them was with him to the last.

Far he had voyaged, much he had journeyed, and now from the heart of the city of adventurers, in all kinds of world enterprises, he was to go forth alone into the unknown, to the land whence none return. Alone? Nay, the Lord, Who had

been his upholder and Guide, was with him, and he went not to that which was all unknown ; for long already he had known the experience of sitting in heavenly places, and he had felt the fellowship of the eternal. The love that had filled and ravished his heart, and, in unparalleled sufferings, had renewed his spirit, was with and in him, as, in weakness of body, he lay ready for the impending and inscrutable change before him.

The moral grandeur of George Fox, which had withstood all the persistent attacks of Royalist, and of Commonwealth persecutors, all the inroads of illness, weakness and pain, and shone forth triumphant in the Spirit of Christ, remains a unique and an abiding revelation of the power of God, as manifested of old in prophets who foresaw, and in the apostles who preached and lived, the eternal Gospel of God's love and grace toward men. And yet the piquant, racy, and intensely human elements, conspicuous in the character and life of George Fox, endear him as closely to those who look into these, as his holy life wins the instinctive inward witness in the soul.

Although in a conventional sense he was like those of old, of the 'unlearned' ; in a more true sense he was one deeply instructed ; and one whose instruction was more than the academic is frequently found to be ; his being ever available, and such as he faithfully exercised. The saving sense of humour was his, and a fine dramatic instinct was natural to him, and was manifested in the way he arranged the subject matter for his many dictated 'papers' and 'writings,' and in the preparation of those sent forth from his own hand. It was with his keen far-seeing and wisely judicious eye, from the penetrating glances of which men often shrank, and asked that they be turned away, that he apprehended with more than usual ability and intelligence, in the presence of great advocates, magistrates, judges and rulers, the inwardness of matters brought before him. Frequently his disconcerting questions and replies, to those intent upon ensnaring him, made him more than a match for his most able opponents ; and more, his was the power of truth opposing error and cruel wrong, and its potency was apparent, even when wrongfully he was made to suffer, or was illegally or unjustly sent to prison.

As the years passed, and the glow of youth's vigour and the interest quickened by the vast following which had arisen

in response to his and his friends' preaching had become tempered by physical decline and by many turning back to the spirit of the world, or to separations, and by others weakened through long continued persecutions, improverishments and imprisonments, there came in these years into the mind and spirit of George Fox an increase in his exceeding tenderness and gentleness. He had, even in his youth, derived much from early conference with his humble but gifted and distinguished mother, and had insensibly been drawn by the example and precepts of his father : and amidst all the strength and sometimes sternness of George Fox's character there was revealed a sympathetic loving spirit that grew as the years passed.

In our own time another great man, much spoken against even in his own land, and whose outstanding greatness was revealed also in the insufficiency and trivialness of the complaints against him, judged by any true standard that puts great causes and world welfare before personalities, has passed to his rest without seeing the actual accomplishment of that which his mind envisioned and his life laboured for. The late William Woodrow Wilson to the mere mechanical manipulator of men or affairs was as little understood, as was the transparent greatness of the life of William Ewart Gladstone to many in his day ; or, reverently to refer to it, as was the world's Redeemer by those who hesitated not to hand Him over to crucifixion, although 'never man spake like' Him and they knew that He 'went about doing good.' The penalty of greatness that foresees, and is true to the insight of great world need, has ever been that, like the corn of wheat, it has seemed that it must needs fall into the ground and die ere it comes to be the great bearer of much fruit.

Thus George Fox, although he knew that his own work was accomplished, also realised that many of his gloriously envisioned prevailings of the Light of the world in men's hearts had been unfulfilled, and that the world persisted, against that Light, in its persecutions, and that he left his fellow believers in the Light a severely stricken and still persecuted people : even as when the Saviour rose triumphant over death His followers were a stricken, persecuted, and became a hunted people in many lands.

But while these things are historically true, it is no less

true that as the Christ was heard 'gladly' by the common people; thus, had the common people prevailed in the days of Fox and Penn, the great reactions that ensued and drove back the days of liberty and advancement for generations had not taken place; and in our time we should not be struggling painfully to regain the great things put forth by President Wilson, which woke a general and unmistakable response in the hearts of the common people on both sides of the Atlantic: or, if not able to presently save these true ideas and to see the world go forth into new life and a new order with new and undying hope, we should not now be gathering up but bits of the wide wreckage that was the world result, when, not by the people, but by the supposed leaders, here and in his own land, Wilson was abandoned, or Jonah-like, thrown overboard.

And yet Locarno was Locarno, and an advance that would have seemed incredible but within two hands-span of years: and the world effort to-day to find a way of peace is perhaps the best witness to the working of the leaven of the numerically small, but in many ways potentially large, following the life of George Fox now has in the world.

And the world needs to-day to inform itself at first hand not only of world problems, but likewise of those historic periods which gave promise of their solution and overcoming, that failed, not because of any insufficiency in the remedies and solutions presented but, because of the inveterate drawing back from their adoption and faithful application.

Needful though it may be, yet in the deepest sense it seems like a contradiction to speak or write of the death of a great spiritually minded leader such as George Fox became; for such a life, in so far as it was true to the light, in so far as it lived the mind of Christ, in so far as it knew and ever held, as its very innermost desire and being, the life of the Redeemer, who said, 'because I live ye shall live also,' cannot be truly said to have died. It is yet an impulse, an imperative urge, a counsel and a guide, to countless lives and to unborn generations.

In some inward sense of this, that sprang not from vanity or any superficial conceit, but from the living and unbroken fellowship of the close follower in the Saviour's steps and life, George Fox could, and did, view but as an incident the loosening of the immortal spirit from its temporary tabernacle or its

earthly house : and knew with unerring clearness and desire, as did the great Apostle of old, willingness and readiness to be 'clothed upon,' that the mortal might 'be swallowed up of life.'

London, the scene of so much of his labour, and in or near which the last years of Fox's life were spent, was now in its very heart to witness the passing of this world prophet ; who, from it, sent forth afresh those undying principles and truths, which had through all the centuries since they fell from the lips of the crucified Redeemer been the world's underlying life, and our unfailing hope, though obscured by the craft of men and denied by the ungodly ; and it was to witness a death triumphant in its holy calm and majestic simplicity, and its power to bind to itself, not by favour or pride of place, but by the strength of divine love, the lives and souls, as well as the tender affection, of men of every class and rank, though this devotion and the exercise of these principles and truths meant persecution, imprisonment and sometimes death. London was to witness the steady dauntless tread, three abreast on one side of the street, from Gracechurch Street Meeting to the Burial Ground at Bunhill Fields, of upwards of two thousand Friends, amongst whom, and great amongst those who now felt incalculable loss, was the new world builder, Wm. Penn.

SCENE

The house of Henry Goldney, in White-Hart-Court, whither George Fox went after attending the First-day meeting at Gracechurch Street, on the day following his writing an Epistle, his last, to Friends in Ireland. The meeting was large, and he had been enabled to preach the truth fully and effectually, opening many deep and weighty things with great power and clearness, after which he prayed.

Some Friends going with him to Henry Goldney's he told them 'he thought he felt the cold strike to his heart, as he came out of the meeting,' 'yet' he added, 'I am glad I was there ; now I am clear, I am fully clear.' Friends having withdrawn, as his custom had lately been, he laid down to rest through weariness after meeting, but soon rose again. Then in a short time he laid down again, still feeling cold.

The narrative of this last illness says :—'His strength sensibly decaying, he was soon obliged to go into bed ; where he lay in much contentment and peace, and very sensible to the last.'

HENRY GOLDNEY

Art thou feeling better to-day dear George ?
Enquiring Friends are now anxious for thee,
And urge upon us care, and rest for thee.

GEORGE FOX

Henry, thou hast ever been kind to me,
A strong helper in the spreading of truth,
And in thee I have trust that thou wilt still
Be found faithful in this when I have passed.
I am no longer strong, but truth is strong,
And it triumphs and will triumph over all.

HENRY GOLDNEY

Thy strength is not sufficient for exertion now,
And thy great declaration on First Day
Has made thy body weak, though strong in heart ;
And its clear forceful truths will fruitful be
Long in our hearts and lives, and to pass on.
Wilt thou not rest a little now, and sleep
If thou canst ; and later see friend Stephen Crisp ?

GEORGE FOX

Let me see him now : the time may be short :
Dear Stephen, how devoted he has been ;
The gathered fruit, increased an hundredfold,
Of seed sown early by young James Parnell
Ere he his noble witness gave by death.

HENRY GOLDNEY

Presently I will bring him : speaking tires
And exhausts thee ; lay back and rest a little
Until thy strength is given to thee again.

[The exhausted body for the moment overcomes the dauntless spirit, and he rests until his breath is more free]

GEORGE FOX

Tell Stephen I would like to see him now
I have a burden on my heart for him.

[Enter Stephen Crisp]

I am glad that thou hast come, dear Stephen.
This weakness which is on me is increased,

And while I still have strength left I must tell
 The comfort and the joy I have in thee,
 For all thy interest and thy care for Holland
 And those to the North gathered there away ;
 Be faithful in this service to the end.
 It shall bear fruit both now, and when long years
 Have passed its witness shall be found again,
 Even as in thee the Lord was pleased to make
 His youthful martyr James Parnell to live,
 Yea in thee, ever valiant for the truth.

STEPHEN CRISP

Beloved and venerated friend; dear George,
 My heart responds to all thy loving words,
 More precious now than ever, since thy state
 Of weakness makes their utterance weighted seem
 With heavenly meaning and a solemn charge.
 As thou hast lived within the light, we, too,
 Shall follow in it till our course is run ;
 How long or short, tis not for us to choose,
 Sufficient that He never will forsake,
 Nor fail us in our darkest hour of need.

GEORGE FOX

I am helped and strengthened by thy tender words ;
 The life is over all, is over death ;
 Life has the victory, the Lord be praised.
 Farewell, dear Stephen, presently I would see
 For a few moments my son William Mead.

[Enter William Mead who married Margaret Fox's daughter,
 Sarah Fell]

Come near, William, for my voice is not strong,
 And speaking soon exhausts me, though no pain
 Of consequence attends me in this illness.
 There is much that I would say of spreading truth
 By writings and books, where I cannot go,
 Thou wilt have care and help in this behalf.

WILLIAM MEAD

Father, it is grief to see thee prostrate laid,
And all that can be done to ease thy mind
Shall gladly be fulfilled ; too much for thee
The city air has proved, thy labours more.

GEORGE FOX

It had to be, I could not leave undone
That which was given me to do for truth ;
And over all the answer comes of peace :
God is over all, His shall be the praise.

WILLIAM MEAD

Sarah's love is to thee, she long has feared
Thy sleeplessness would wear thee ere thy time :
Mother has shared the fear, though when last south
Thy strength was greater than before or since.
Father do not now try to converse more,
When thou art rested others wish to come.

[William Mead leaves the room and after a short time
William Penn comes in]

WILLIAM PENN

Beloved George, with grief, almost dismay,
I learned of thy weak state, and hastened here.
What can I do for thee, that love will prompt ?
More than own brother, father, friend, to me.
Let me raise thy pillows to ease thy breath :
Do not strive to speak for a little while
Until thy tired heart, with thy labours worn,
Is rested, and once more renewed again.

GEORGE FOX

'Tis life, not death ; 'Tis victory, not defeat :
The corn of wheat must fall into the ground ;
This tabernacle e'en must be dissolved,
That clothed upon it may be from above.

Dear William thou hast had great state affairs
 That trouble some who do not comprehend
 The living substance from the outer form.
 Stand fast in thy witness ; great is the fight
 'Gainst evil in high places ; it was so
 To Prophets and Apostles, e'en to Christ,
 And brought Him to the Cross at Calvary.
 The truth shall triumph, it shall reign o'er all.

WILLIAM PENN

Yea, it shall triumph, it has conquest here ;
 In it, an ocean fulness, thou art kept,
 Nor weakness nor decay can touch the Seed
 Safe in the keeping of the Lord ; who rose,
 And gives His heavenly resurrection life
 In all abundant fulness unto thee.

GEORGE FOX

Write to dear Margaret ; * tell her I was kept,
 Stayed and supported by an inward strength,
 That fails not now, and it has never failed.
 My tender love to her, Dear Heart, and all.
 Dear William my love to thee, and Guli,
 And to all Friends. Still have thy faithful care
 In spreading truth abroad by books and papers.
 They will witness bear when our voices cease.

WILLIAM PENN

Dear George, faithfully I will fulfil thy trust,
 And write to Margaret, whom my wife wrote.
 The Invisible strength is thine, yet now
 Let me hold thy hands, it may bring thee sleep.

GEORGE FOX

The Seed of God reigns over all ; yea, now
 It reigns, it triumphs over death itself :
 Love to all Friends—Farewell—I now am clear.

* Note 7, page 114.

William Penn held his hands and soon he seemed to sleep. Other Friends silently entered the death chamber. The breathing grew slower and more feeble, and then became imperceptible.

The eyes closed, the mouth, so full of tenderness, was firmly shut and needed no after binding, stillness reigned in the room, the breath ceased, and the striking features of the face were settled into the form of those who are in sweet and undisturbed repose, and so remained when later viewed by innumerable Friends.

Their founder, their champion in wrestling with the spirits of darkness and evil, their dauntless leader, and their humble-spirited friend, who was ever as one of themselves, George Fox, the hero, the pioneer social reformer, the great spiritual apostle and the prophet, had passed from the seen and the temporal to the unseen and the eternal.

NOTES

Note 1, page 22.

The career of Edward Burrough was a remarkable one. He became one of the foremost of the valiants whom George Fox in vision saw from Pendle Hill going forth throughout the north and was one of some sixty or more ministers and powerful witnesses to the truth out of the north country who passed to the south and other parts of the nation.

London became the chief field of Edward Burrough's labours. Where now the ever increasing tide of surging life flows out of the centre of the city through Moorgate, inside and outside London walls, in the Moorfields and elsewhere, two hundred and seventy odd years ago, might be heard the eloquent, the persuasive, and the convincing voice of this intrepid young minister of Christ. He was more than a match for the keenest of the controversialists or the objectors of the time. Great numbers were convinced. He it was who was chosen to appeal to the King and intercede for the lives of Friends in New England who were being put to death for their faith. His promptness and insistence were effectual in rescuing from death further victims of the misguided and bigoted men then in authority in New England. Of their dreadful proceedings George Fox wrote:—

'We received account from New England, "that the government there had made a law to banish the Quakers out of their colonies, upon pain of death, in case they returned; and that several Friends, having been so banished, and returning, were taken, and actually hung; and that many more were in prison, in danger of the like sentence being executed upon them." When those were put to death, I was in prison at Lancaster, and had a perfect sense of their sufferings, as though it had been myself,—as though the halter had been put about my own neck; though we had not at that time heard of it. But as soon as we heard of it, Edward Burrough went to the King, and told him "There was a vein of innocent blood opened in his dominions, which, if it were not stopped, would overrun all" to which the King replied "But I will stop that vein." Edward Burrough said "Then do it speedily, for we do not know how many may soon be put to death." The King answered "As speedily as ye will. Call," said he to some present "the Secretary, and I will do it presently." The Secretary being called, a mandamus was forthwith granted. A day or two after, Edward Burrough going again to the King, to desire the matter might be expedited, the King said, "He had no occasion at present to send a ship thither, but if we would send one, we might do it as soon as we chose." Edward Burrough then asked the King, "if it would please him to grant his deputation to one called a Quaker, to carry the mandamus to New England?" He said, "Yes, to whom ye will." Whereupon E. B. named Samuel Shattock who being an inhabitant of New England, was banished by their law, to be hung if he came again; and to him the deputation was granted. Then he sent for Ralph Goldsmith, an honest Friend, who was master of a good ship, and agreed with him for £300, goods or no goods, to sail in ten days. He forthwith prepared to set sail, and with a prosperous gale, in about six weeks arrived before the town of Boston, in New England, upon a First-day morning. Many passengers went with him, both of New and Old England, Friends, whom the Lord moved to go to bear testimony against those bloody persecutors, who had exceeded all the world in that age in their persecutions. The townsmen at Boston seeing a ship come into the bay with English colours, soon came on board and asked for the Captain. Ralph Goldsmith told them he was the commander. They asked him, if he had any letters? He said "Yes." They asked, if he would deliver them? He said, "No, not to-day." So they went on shore, and reported there was a ship full of Quakers, and that Samuel

Shattock was among them, who, they knew, was, by their law, to be put to death, for coming again after banishment; but they knew not his errand, nor his authority.

So all being kept close that day, and none of the ship's company suffered to land, next morning, Samuel Shattock, the King's deputy, and Ralph Goldsmith, the commander of the vessel, went on shore; and sending back to the ship the men that landed them, they two went through the town to the governor's (John Endicott's) door, and knocked. He sent out a man to know their business. They sent him word, their business was from the King of England, and they would deliver their message to none but the governor himself. They were then admitted, and the governor came to them; and having received the deputation and the mandamus, he put off his hat, and looked upon them. Then going out, he bid the Friends follow him. He went to the deputy-governor, and after a short consultation, came out to the Friends, and said, "We shall obey His Majesty's commands." After this the master gave liberty to the passengers to land; and presently the noise of the business flew about the town, and the Friends of the town and the passengers of the ship met together, to offer up their praises and thanksgivings to God, who had so wonderfully delivered them from the teeth of the devourer. While they were thus met, a poor Friend came in, who, being sentenced by their bloody law to die, had lain some time in irons, expecting execution. This added to their joy, and caused them to lift up their hearts in high praises to God, Who is worthy for ever to have the praise, the glory, and the honour; for He only is able to deliver, to save, and to support all that sincerely put their trust in Him.

Here follows a copy of the mandamus:—

"CHARLES R.

"Trusty and well beloved, we greet you well. Having been informed that several of our subjects amongst you, called Quakers, have been and are imprisoned by you, whereof some have been executed, and others, as hath been represented unto us, are in danger to undergo the like, we have thought fit to signify our pleasure in that behalf for the future; and do hereby require, that if there be any of those people called Quakers amongst you, now already condemned to suffer death or other corporal punishment, or that are imprisoned, and obnoxious to the like condemnation, you are to forbear to proceed any further therein; but that you forthwith send the said persons, whether condemned or imprisoned, over into this our kingdom of England, together with the respective crimes or offences laid to their charge: to the end such course may be taken with them here as shall be agreeable to our laws and their demerits. And for so doing, these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge.

"Given at our court at Whitehall, the 9th day of September, 1661, in the thirteenth year of our reign."

Subscribed: "To our trusty and well beloved John Endicott, Esq., and to all and every other the governor or governors of our plantations of New England, and of all the colonies thereunto belonging, that now are, or hereafter shall be; and to all and every the ministers and officers of our plantations and colonies whatsoever, within the continent of New England.

"By His Majesty's command,

"WILLIAM MORRIS."

The persecution of the Quakers in New England, by the Puritans and Independents, who had themselves fled from home to enjoy religious liberty, forms a dreadful story, the very recital of which is revolting to humanity. Some they caused to have their ears cut off; and, amongst many other cruelties, which would fill a volume, they ordered three Quaker women to be stripped to the waist, and flogged through eleven towns, a distance of eighty miles, in all the severity of frost and snow. But, as if this was not enough, they actually hanged three men and one woman for Christ's sake, who all acquitted themselves, at their lawful exit, with that firmness and submission which a Christian martyr is enabled to sustain at such an hour of nature's extremity, giving full proof of their sincerity and trust in

the goodness and support of Him, who had called them to make a public profession of His name before a wicked and perverse generation.

Their names were—William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson, William Leddra, and Mary Dyer.

Note 2, page 30.

It may be said of Judge Fell, whose rare and outstanding character and penetrating judgment were of no small service in the earliest years of the Society of Friends, that his very detachment and judicial attitude were at times to them a source of strength. Concerning him Helen G. Crosfield writes in her interesting work 'Margaret Fox of Swathmoor Hall':—'Thomas Fell rose rapidly, step by step, in his profession. In 1641 he was made Justice of the Peace for Lancashire, and some years later Judge of Assize of the Chester and North Wales circuit. Several times during the years 1646-1653 he represented Lancaster in Parliament. He was made a Sequestration Commissioner in 1642 and a Commissioner for Safety in 1648. In 1649 he was given the office of Vice-Chancellor of the County Palatine of Lancaster and in 1655 that of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. During the latter years of his life, Judge Fell, who did not approve of Cromwell's assumption of authority in civil and religious matters, retired from parliamentary life, and declined the advances, which the Protector is believed to have made, to induce him to return to an active part in the Government. . . . Judge Fell never joined the Society of Friends . . . but his attitude towards the Quakers was that of a friend and protector. In letters to his wife we read of the high esteem in which he was held by many Friends; there are requests for his advice on legal matters from sufferers in prison; there are papers sent for his perusal and judgment; there are constant messages of love and a very earnest hope that he would throw in his lot wholeheartedly with them. That he did not do so we cannot put down to a lack of moral courage. He had shown in his political life that he was ready to stand firm by his convictions, but although he could and did appreciate the honesty of purpose, the burning zeal of the early Friends, though he went with them a certain way along the path which they were following, he could not, Churchman, scholar, and man of the world that he was, accept all their views. What he could he gave—liberty to his wife and children to follow as they were led, a wide hospitality to those who had left homes and families, and above all the protection that his name and position enabled him to exert, the importance of which was only fully realized when, after his death, the storm of persecution broke out in the North.'

Note 3, page 34.

The historian Sewall states that James Parnell 'was trained up in the schools of literature.' George Fox wrote of him:—'Whilst I was in the dungeon at Carlisle, James Parnell . . . came to see me, and was convinced. And the Lord quickly made him a powerful minister of the word of life, and many were turned to Christ by him, though he lived not long; for, travelling into Essex, in the work of the ministry, in the year 1655, he was committed to Colchester castle, where he endured very great hardships and sufferings; being put by the cruel jailer into a hole in the castle wall, called the oven, so high from the ground, that he went up to it by a ladder; which being six feet too short, he was obliged to climb from the ladder to the hole by a rope that was fastened above. And when Friends would have given him a cord and a basket, to draw up his victuals in, the inhuman jailer would not suffer them, but forced him to go down and up by that short ladder and rope, to fetch his victuals, (which for a long time he did), or else he might have famished in the hole. At length, his limbs being much benumbed with lying in that place, yet being constrained to go down to take up some victuals, as he came up the ladder again with his victuals in one hand, and caught at the rope with the other, he missed the rope, and fell down from a very great height upon the stones; by which fall he was exceedingly wounded in the head and arms, and his body was so much bruised, that he died in a short time after. When he was dead, the wicked professors, to cover their

own cruelty, wrote a book of him and said, "he fasted himself to death"; which was an abominable falsehood, and was manifested so to be by another book, which was written in answer to that, and was called "The Lamb's Defence against Lies."

One of the most moving experiences that has occurred in the life of the writer was in the year 1888 when he accompanied the late John T. Dorland, who had come from Canada upon his first visit to England, and at Colchester attended his first Quarterly Meeting in this country. John Dorland was deeply exercised in spirit and lodging at Leyden he and the writer at his wish occupied the same bed. Nothing can obliterate the memory of the spiritual baptism of power that was over us, as, for some time laying there, John Dorland was exercised in wrestling prayer for blessing upon the prospect and concern for labours in England which had long been upon him and was about to be accomplished. So great was the sense of the divine power present that both the bed and the room seemed to be shaken. The next day together we visited the Castle and climbed up to the scene of James Parnell's martyrdom. We engaged in prayer in that narrow stone oven, where Christ's able and devoted witness had lain so long; and John Dorland was very deeply affected, embracing the writer with a fervency that a little indicated the deep fellowship of suffering his spirit shared with the heroic youthful minister of Christ, who had there witnessed his glorious faith and devotion to his Lord. Often since the feeling has been with the writer that there came at that memorable time to John Dorland some intuition or feeling that his own career of untold blessing to this and to his own land must needs engage his whole being, inasmuch as the years in which it would have to be completed might be limited—as indeed this proved to be. In a letter of James Parnell's, written from Colchester Castle, he says:—"They have laboured to make my bonds grievous, but my strength the Philistines know not: I am kept and nourished in the midst of mine enemies; glory be to God the Highest, Who hath counted me worthy to bear the bonds of the Gospel." Countless numbers there are still living who can bear their witness to the like triumphant courage, faith and holy love, that to the end characterised the life of John T. Dorland, who also laid down his life in our midst at an early age in the blessed bonds and service of truth.

Note 4, page 47.

The following are extracts from the letter George Fox addressed to Lady Claypole:—

' FRIEND

Be still and cool in thy own mind and spirit from thy own thoughts, and then thou wilt feel the principle of God to turn thy mind to the Lord, from whom cometh life; whereby thou mayest receive His strength and power to allay all storms, and tempests. That is it which works up into patience, innocency, soberness, into stillness, staidness, quietness up to God, with His power. Therefore mind; that is the word of the Lord God unto thee, that thou mayest feel the authority of God, and thy faith in that, to work down that which troubles thee; for that is it which keeps peace, and brings up the witness in thee, which hath been transgressed, to feel after God with His power and life, who is a God of order and peace. When thou art in the transgression of the life of God in thy own particular, the mind flies up in the air, the creature is led into the night, nature goes out of its course, an old garment goes on, and an uppermost clothing; and thy nature being led out of its course, it comes to be all on fire, in the transgression; and that defaceth the glory of the first body. Therefore be still a while from thy own thoughts, searching, seeking, desires, and imaginations, and be staid in the principle of God in thee, that it may raise thy mind up to God, and stay it upon God, and thou wilt find strength from Him, and find Him to be a God at hand, a present help in the time of trouble, and of need. And thou being come to the principle of God, which hath been transgressed, it will keep thee humble; and the humble, God will teach His way, which is peace, and such he doth exalt. . . . The wisdom of God will be received, which is Christ, by which all things were made and created, and thou wilt

thereby be preserved and ordered to God's glory. There thou wilt come to receive and feel the physician of value, who clothes people in their right mind, whereby they may serve God, and do His will. . . .

The same light which lets you see sin and transgression, will let you see the covenant of God, which blots out your sin and transgression, which gives victory and dominion over it, and brings into covenant with God. For looking down at sin, and corruption, and distraction, ye are swallowed up in it: but looking at the light, which discovers them, ye will see over them. That will give victory; and ye will find grace and strength: there is the first step to peace. That will bring salvation; by it ye may see to the beginning, and the "glory that was with the Father before the world began"; and so come to know the Seed of God, which is the heir of the promise of God, and of the world which hath no end; which bruises the head of the serpent, who stops people from coming to God. That ye may feel the power of an endless life, the power of God, which is immortal; which brings the immortal soul up to the immortal God, in whom it doth rejoice. So in the name and power of the Lord Jesus Christ, God Almighty strengthen thee.

G. F.'

Note 5, page 71.

The marriage of George Fox and Margaret Fell (widow of Judge Fell) is recorded in the Bristol register of Friends as having taken place on the 27th of 8th month 1669. According to the form thus early adopted by Friends great care was taken as to the records in their registers, also as to the clearness of those about to marry from other engagements, and their having the concurrence of parents. The marriage certificate was signed generally by a large number, on this occasion by ninety-four, of those present at the marriage, as witnesses. Years afterward the law was made to approve what had thus been done and the records of Friends were found to have been accurately kept and have often been of great value in cases of research into records of those periods.

Note 6, page 96.

It is remarkable that the life of Margaret Fox is so little known outside the limits of the religious Society of Friends. Of their principles and the re-discovered truths which they held she became deeply convinced and embraced them in middle life. Two reasons for the infrequency of reference to her may be suggested, the known reticence of Friends in the middle period of their history to give much of human praise or to offer compliments of any kind, and secondly the fact that Margaret Fox lived in activity to such an advanced age that she found occasion to oppose some of the seemingly helpful but in reality hurtful tendencies that had crept into considerable acceptance before she died. Amongst these were the undue attention that came to be given to uniformity of dress, singularity of speech, and in other exterior ways, and a corresponding loss of the first fervency of apostolic zeal and heroism that had characterised the first two generations of Quakers.

That she merits a high place amongst the heroic women of the world is evidenced to any giving sympathetic and understanding consideration to her unique life. Although it was hers repeatedly to have audience with the King, who was impressed to render her more than usual respect, and hers to be great in the endurance of hardships, sufferings and imprisonments, in all of which she was a conspicuous instance of unflinching and unflinching courage, devotion and consistent heroism, yet beyond all these the observer who looks for things that are 'worth while' will see in her personal life and character a great leader, a wise and tenderly sympathetic organiser, and one of the most rare and exemplary combinations of noble brave womanhood and great hearted motherhood. It was the possession of these qualities, exercised and led in the power and grace of God, that enabled her to make her own the trials of thousands of sufferers and prisoners for conscience' sake, who in the revival of primitive and essential Christianity ran counter to the persecuting, intolerant and bigoted spirit of the age. This large-heartedness

that was hers manifested itself in her earlier years, when as the wife of Judge Fell, of high standing and repute, she with his concurrence and sympathy kept open house for the travelling ministers and lecturers who came into their part of the country.

It was a preparation for the still greater work she had to do in the wide extension of this hospitality until she was looked upon as mother by the unique Society which arose, made its way in the hearts of the people, broke down the opposition often of even bitter opponents, not by force but by true human love and by the power of God to which she looked and on which she depended. Had the wise counsel of one of the last papers which she wrote been followed, it is more than probable that the influence and progress had been far greater of the great world causes to which the Society of Friends had a special call and an abiding testimony to give, and which had been sealed with the lives of many who, innocent of any wrong, had languished and died in loathsome prisons. It is impossible to give, even in bare outline, the unique and fascinating story of the life of this world heroine, whose sympathies and influence reached to many lands and cheered untold numbers in their devoted and dedicated lives; but the life is well told by Helen G. Crosfield in 'Margaret Fox of Swarthmoor Hall' (Headley Brothers), which will be found deeply interesting.

Two points in Margaret Fox's character and influence may be referred to: first her remarkable place amidst her family of daughters and sons-in-law, who were in an altogether unusual degree drawn and held together in the bonds of love and loyalty, so that their witness was felt by a very wide circle through a long period; and secondly her perception of the hurt that must come to the Society that, through her husband's leadership and largely by her own nurturing had become one of the most conspicuous dissenting religious bodies in the kingdom, if, instead of the essential directness and tenderness of spirit and genuine simplicity of life, that had everywhere prevailed amongst them at the first, there should come into operation undue care for the insistence upon an outward uniformity in dress, speech and conduct. Referring to this experience which befel the Society, the author of Swarthmoor Hall writes:—

'Margaret Fox, in her old age, retained a breadth of view and a tolerance in advance of some others of her faith. The burning zeal and enthusiasm of the pioneers were already showing signs of diminution; the organisation which, as the Society had grown in numbers, Fox had found it necessary to establish, was absorbing a large part of the energies of members; little details of observance, of dress, of language, were looming large in the minds of many. It was in reproof of this observance of the outward which might so easily tend to neglect of the inward realities, that Margaret Fox, in her closing years, wrote to Friends in the following strain:—

"It is a dangerous thing to lead young Friends much into observation of outward things, for that will be easily done, for they can soon get into an outward garb, to be all alike outwardly, but this will not make them true Christians. It's the spirit that gives life. I would be loth to have a hand in these things. . . . Let us beware of this of separating and looking upon ourselves to be more holy than in deed and in truth we are. . . . Away with these whimsical, narrow imaginations, and let the Spirit of God which He hath given us, lead us and guide us. . . . But Christ Jesus saith that we must take no thought what we shall eat, or what we shall drink, or what we shall put on, but bids us consider the lilies, and how they grow in more royalty than Solomon. But contrary to this, we must look at no colours, nor make anything that is changeable colours as the hills are, nor sell them, nor wear them; but we must be all in one dress and one colour.

This is a silly poor gospel. It is more fit for us to be covered with God's eternal spirit and clothed with His eternal light. . . .

This is not delightful to me that I have this occasion to write to you, for wherever I saw it appear I have stood against it several years. And now I dare neglect no longer, for I see that our blessed precious holy truth that has visited us from the beginning is kept under, and these silly outside imaginary practices [are] coming up, and [are] practised with great zeal, which hath often grieved my heart.

Now I have set before you life and death ; and desire you to choose life and God and His truth."—MSS. at Devonshire House, Post 25-66 (2) dated 2nd mo 1700.'

The exercise of Christian simplicity and the avoidance of ostentation have ever been accepted doctrinally by Friends ; but, as already indicated, when the influence upon the Society of the power of God became overshadowed in the minds of no inconsiderable proportion of members by an insistence that the 'simplicity,' take a special form and colour in its women's attire and a distinctive character in the coats and hats of men, the original testimony to simplicity was obscured, if not wholly lost.

The writer well remembers the experience of his mother sixty years ago in Canada in having to make a journey of upwards of thirty miles, when it had to be made by driving over indifferent roads, to procure the conventional Quaker bonnet, which she and other Friends of that time had worn almost universally. Great pride was manifested in procuring the true shades of grey silk for these bonnets, which for their preservation had to be provided with outer covers of oilcloth or silk. The attire was therefore neither 'simple' nor convenient. The writer still has the last bonnet of this kind which his mother wore, over half a century ago, but which, under the conviction of a more real practice of simplicity, she laid aside and adopted a more common and easily obtainable form of hat or bonnet.

In this connection it is interesting to note that George Fox himself procured for his wife a scarlet mantle, as the following from his Journal shows :—

'George Fox to his wife 2 mo 3rd day 1678.

. . . At Bristol I did buy as much scarlet as would make thee a mantell, which thou may line it. I had it of Richard Smith of Nalesworth and it is fine. He sent it to E. M. at London and for him to send it into the north and whether it be come I have not heard.'—G. F., Journal, Edn. 1827. Vol. II., p. 251-2.

William Strang adds the following note :—

'We have been so long accustomed to think of the old-time Quaker garbed in grey that it comes as a surprise to us to find that Margaret Fox, like all the rural dames of her day, adorned herself in scarlet. I do not know that Friends ever deliberately set out to make themselves outwardly "kenspeckle" [conspicuous]. It was only by adhering to what was the prevailing raiment of sober-minded people at the time when they were first banded together in fellowship, after fashions had changed, that they became so.

The red cloak lingered on in out-of-the-way places in these islands long after it went out of wear generally.

A friend of mine who married the daughter of a coast-guardsmen stationed at Skibbereen, in the South West of Ireland, found not a few of the old dames still wearing them on high days and holidays in that district about the beginning of the present century. They were he found treasured heirlooms, handed down from mother to daughter since the palmy days before the great famine of 1848.'

Note 7, page 106.

Although ten years older than George Fox the close of the remarkable life of Margaret Fox was yet twelve years distant. What woman can we recall whose life was so full of epoch-making incidents, whose sufferings were endured with such heroism and the courage of such spiritual power, and whose years of unflinching devotion and service for others were so prolonged and fruitful? The secret source of these great gifts, sweetly and effectively used, we learn from her own writings. Concerning the early years of her life Helen G. Crosfield writes :—

'Although Margaret Fell was sixteen years younger than her husband [Thomas Fell] this disparity in age was more than made up for by similarity of up-bringing, tastes, and sympathies, and their married life of twenty-six years was a very happy one. . . . To both Judge Fell and his wife their religion was something vital. Margaret Fell tells us how she spent much time and thought in seeking after "the best things, being desirous to serve

God, so as I might be accepted of Him ; and was inquiring after the way of the Lord, and went to hear the best ministers that came into our parts, whom we frequently entertained at our house, many of those that were accounted the most serious and godly men, some of which were then called Lecturing Ministers, and had often prayers and religious exercises in our family. . . . And after this manner I was enquiring and seeking about twenty years."

During these twenty years of search after the best things, Margaret Fell's time must have been very largely taken up by the many duties devolving upon the mistress of a large household and the mother of a large family.

In the year 1652, which was to prove so epoch-making to the household at Swarthmoor, the Fell family consisted of seven children : Margaret, the eldest, a beautiful girl of nineteen, already proving herself her mother's right hand, Bridget, Isabel, George, Sarah, Mary, Susanna. The youngest of the family, Rachel, her mother's pet, was not born until 1653.'

These references give insight into those early years. Of the unpremeditated exercises, cares, labours and sufferings of the intervening years, and their glorious triumphs of courage and faith some brief indications are seen in the text of this work. But as the end approached Helen G. Crosfield's graphic account and Margaret Fell's own testimony may be given :—

' A few months before her death she felt constrained to give forth her last testimony, which shows her old powers undimmed by the passing of years.

" Margaret Fox's Revival of her Testimony.

To God Almighty I appeal, whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of His Son, whose I am and to whom I am given up with mine heart and soul to serve, who hath been my Father and leader ever since I knew Him, who hath led me through many trials, sufferings and exercises that were cross to flesh and blood, who hath upheld and supported me therein down to this day.

And now in mine old age I am forced to renew my testimony again, through a false, lying spirit gotten up amongst us to oppose and withstand our gracious blessed Truth, in the which we were begotten, and in the which we who are preserved out of this spirit, do stand in that blessed unit of the eternal Spirit, which joineth up to the Lord and one to another.

But an imagining, false and untrue spirit hath gotten into some, by which they are deluded, and will not see or apprehend by any means used to give them satisfaction. Yet, for the satisfaction of Friends and others, I give this my testimony while I breathe upon the earth, that I shall stand for God and Truth. He hath taught me to render to all men what is their due, and not to owe anything to any but love. In that which is righteous and just, God hath taught us and manifested His will; and He commands that we should render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's; which I shall by His holy assistance and power endeavour to fulfil both to God and man. This I am moved of the Lord to acquaint all with, whilst I have breath and being upon the earth.

Given under my hand this 24th day of the 9th month [Nov.] Anno Domini 1701.—MARGARET FOX."

(*Fells of Strathmoor Hall*, p. 404.)

In the spring of 1702, the work of Margaret Fox on earth was closed. As she lay upon her bed of sickness, her mind was happy and at peace, and the words that she let fall from time to time came from a heart at union with God, and so impressed Daniel Abraham as he watched beside her that he has left many of them on record. To the dearly loved grandson, John Abraham, a schoolboy of fifteen, she said, repeating it again and again, " Dear John, dear John, stand for God, stand to God," and again, " John, the Lord loves thee, and will love thee for my sake, and my prayers and tears that I have put up to Him for thee many times." When his parents talked of his education and how they wished him to be brought up as she would desire, her answer was, " All that I desire for him is, that he may be faithful."

The passing from life to death was a joyful thing for her. " Come, Lord Jesus, I am freely given up to Thy will." " Oh, my sweet Lord, into Thy holy bosom do I commit myself freely ; not desiring to live in this troublesome, painful world ; it is all nothing to me ; for my Maker is my Husband."

Looking round upon the sorrowing little group, she soothed them with the words, "Be quiet, for I am as comfortable and well in my spirit as ever I was," and as the tide of life ebbed out, she turned to her beloved Rachel, saying, "Take me in thy arms," and with the words, "I am in Peace," upon her lips, she passed away. [Being near the eighty-eighth year of her age and having survived George Fox about twelve years.]

Four days later, on the 27th of April, her body was laid to rest in the little burial-ground belonging to Swarthmoor meeting-house at Sunbreck.

That lonely spot amongst the moors she loved, the first place to catch the rays of the sun at break of day, was a fitting resting-place for one whose life had been spent in bringing light and joy to all with whom she came into contact, one of whom it was said that into her mind no dark spirit entered, who "shin'd as a Morning Star, being fill'd with real wisdom and understanding."

No headstone marks her resting-place, but the record of her life was graven deep upon the hearts of all who knew her, and the loving testimonies that were written after her death are proof, if proof were needed, that her life had not been lived in vain.

But more powerful and more illuminating than any of these is the unwritten testimony of her life of sympathy, self-sacrifice and love.

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